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PIONEERS
OF
SCIOTO COUNTY,

BEING A SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF SOME OF
THE FIRST SETTLERS OF

SCIOTO COUNTY, OHIO,

COMPRISING SUCH HISTORICAL MATTER AND ANEC
DOTES OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF THE
COUNTY AS COULD BE COLLECTED
AT THE PRESENT TIME

BY JAMES KEYES.

"Come all ye likely lads that have a mind for to range
into some for den country, your fortunes for to change;
In seeking of a new pastures we will all together go,
An' we'll settle on the banks of the pleasant Ohio."

—OLD SONG.

PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

1880.

1719297

To the Reader.

In offering this small volume for your perusal, I am only carrying out the wishes of some of my pioneer friends, who thought that something of the kind ought to be done, for the benefit of posterity. We very much regretted that a more complete history of the county had not been put upon record at the time when the events took place. In order that the first settlement of the county might not be entirely lost to the world, and the future historian be as much at a loss for material to construct a history of this country as writers of the present day are with regard to the first settlers of Greece and Rome, it was urged upon me to undertake the task. I was fully convinced that if I did not undertake the task it would not be done. There were very few of the pioneers left among us, and they not having turned their attention to literary matters, although their recollections were good they were incapable of reducing their knowledge to writing. Therefore, as I said before, at the urgent request of my friends I commenced the publication of my reminiscences, in the newspapers, about twenty years ago, supposing that was all that was required of me. But I soon found that, as very few preserved their papers, it would soon be as effectually lost to the world as if it had not been published. About five years ago I entered into a contract with Mr. C. E. Irwin, publisher of the *Portsmouth Republican*, to publish my articles in his paper and then place the type in pamphlet form and run off two or three hundred copies for publication in book form. The small volume which I now present to you is the result of that arrangement. If it should meet your approbation I will be amply rewarded, and if sufficient encouragement should be manifested to justify another edition I will bring out a larger volume, in much better style than the present.

In justice to Professor John LeCroix, now of Delaware College, I must say that I am indebted to him for the biographical sketches of the French settlers of the Grant. He is a grand-son of one of the pioneers of the French Grant, and very competent to write the history of the settlers of that section. They were first published in the *Ironton Register* in 1855. All the other biographies I wrote myself, from my own personal recollections, or from information obtained from others. I am aware that they will not stand the test of criticism in a literary point of view, but as to their truth I believe they will not be disputed. In fact, a great deal of truth had to be suppressed out of regard for the feelings of their surviving children and friends. With this apology I launch this little book on the stream of literature, to be carried down to future ages as being a faithful biographical sketch of the Pioneers of Scioto County.

JAMES KEYES.

PORTSMOUTH, OHIO, January 1, 1880.

CLAUDIUS CADOT.

Claudius Cadot was born February 17, 1793, in Gallipolis, Ohio. He was, perhaps, the first male child born in Gallia County, and is at present the oldest male child born of French parents, of Gallipolis. His father, Claudius Cadot, and Jane Bastine were married in the city of Paris, France, in 1790, and joined a party of French emigrants who were preparing at that time to emigrate to America. They arrived in Gallipolis in the fall of the year; a dreary prospect surely for those who had been reared in the lap of luxury and accustomed to all the refinements of an old settled country. They were about as helpless a set of beings as were ever thrown upon their own resources in a wilderness country. But they were men of energy and soon rendered themselves equal to the occasion.

On the 28th day of January, 1791, Maria Louisa Cadot was born, who was the first child born in Gallipolis. As was stated above, on the 17th day of February, 1793, Claudius Cadot, the subject of this sketch, was born. Two years later, Lemuel Cadot was born. So far, everything prospered well with the young married pair. But what is too often the case in settling new countries, Mons. Cadot soon fell a victim to the malaria of the climate, and left his wife and three helpless babes to struggle as best they might in their unprotected situation. However, they had not long to struggle in this helpless condition. A young Frenchman who came over with the colony, or shortly afterward,

by the name of Charles Francis Dutiel, being without a wife—that indispensable companion of man in a new country—proposed to the young widow, and they were married within three months after M. Cadot's death.

The French Grant being surveyed, and the lots numbered and drawn, they immediately began to make preparations to move down to their lots in the Grant. Mons. Dutiel came down in the spring of 1797, with the first families that came down. He did not bring his family, but took possession of his lot, put up a small cabin, and then went back for his family. He returned in the fall with his family in a small boat, and brought a yoke of oxen and a cow with him, which gave him a good start in the way of farming. He was accompanied by Mons. Bureau, who was a leading man among the French of Gallipolis. His house being small, he broke up his boat, and with the boards made quite a comfortable addition to his house. All Mons. Dutiel had to do now was to go to work and clear up his land. Thus it was that young Claudius was early set to work. They soon had a fine farm under cultivation, with orchards, stock, and everything necessary to render home comfortable and happy. They built a small distillery, for the purpose of distilling their own fruit and grain. It was the business of Claudius to work in the distillery during the winter, and help on the farm during the summer.

It might be asked, "What



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about schools, at that period?" Schools were "few, and far between." A Mr. Edgar taught a school one quarter, and Mr. Reese Thompson taught one winter, so that the children of that early day learned to read and write by availing themselves of every opportunity for so doing. Altogether Claudius went to school about 11 months, which was all the schooling he ever got.

In 1809 his sister, Louisa, who had grown up to be a fine young woman, was married to Mons. Le Clercq, of Gallipolis, who was clerk of Gallia county for thirty years, and accumulated considerable property.

In the spring of 1812, Governor Meigs issued a call for volunteers to turn out in defense of the frontiers from the depredations of the Indians. The battle of Tippecanoe had been fought. Tecumseh was organizing the Indian tribes for a general assault upon the northern frontiersmen. War was imminent between this country and Great Britain. In view of all these circumstances, Gov. Meigs called for two regiments of volunteers. Scioto county sent out two companies, one commanded by Capt. David Roup, and the other by Capt. John Lucas. When the call was made, young Claudius being then but eighteen years of age, promptly responded to the call. He enlisted in the company commanded by Capt. John Lucas, for one year. This brought sorrow to the family of Mons. Dutiel. He was the oldest son and the favorite of his mother. His step-father made him liberal offers if he would relinquish his design of going into the army. Offered to hire a substitute to go in his place, but all to no purpose. Claudius thought his country needed his services, and he could render them himself better than any substitute. They

first went to Chillicothe, where they received their arms and equipments. From thence they went to Dayton, where they met the volunteers from Cincinnati and the Miami Valley, and organized the 1st Ohio regiment, under the command of Col. Duncan McArthur. From thence they went to Urbana, which was the frontier town. They here joined a detachment of United States regulars under Col. Miller. Here was organized that little army which, under command of Gen. Hull, marched through the wilderness to Detroit. While on this march war was declared by Congress against England. Had the dispatches forwarded to Hull containing an account of the declaration of war reached him without falling into the hands of the British, it would have been an easy matter for him to have captured Malden and possibly all Upper Canada would have fallen into our hands. But as it was, the British intercepted our dispatches, and thereby received news of the declaration of war before our army did. They also intercepted provisions and stores which were being forwarded to our army, leaving our army in a bad predicament.

Hull crossed over into Canada and could have captured Malden if he had taken two or three siege guns with him. But having no artillery they returned to Detroit without effecting anything. Mr. Cadot was sent out on a foraging expedition to get provisions, and was in the battle of Brownstown where our folks were defeated, and had to make a hasty retreat.

On the 16th of August Detroit was surrendered to the British without firing a gun in defense of the fort. It has always been an unsettled question whether Gen. Hull treacherously sold the army to Brock, the British General, or was too imbecile to make any des-

fense. However, the surrender was complete, and Hull was branded as a traitor. Songs were made and sung throughout the country, one of which occurs to my memory, beginning thus :

HULL'S SURRENDER.

Old Hull, you old traitor,
You outcast of nature,
May your conscience torment you as long as you
And when old Apollon Live.
His servants do call on.
May you be ready your service to give.

Hull was tried, found guilty and ordered to be shot. But out of consideration for his services in the revolutionary war, his sentence was never carried into execution. Col's Cass and McArthur were both away from the fort at the time, or, it was said, that Hull would never have dared to surrender without a fight. Cass, when he heard of it, broke his sword across a stump with vexation. The prisoners were taken over to Malden, where they were parolled and put aboard of transports and sent to the mouth of the Cuyahoga river where Cleveland has since been built, to find their way home as best they could. The French in Canada were very friendly toward Mr. Cadot, because he could speak French. They wanted him to stay among them and not return home at all. But his mother and loved ones at home had attractions superior to any inducements held out in Canada.

They walked across from Lake Erie to the Ohio river at Georgetown, below Pittsburgh. They had to beg their way, as they were not given any money for traveling expenses. They sometimes met troops marching out to the lines who furnished them with provisions. When they reached the Ohio river they procured a small canoe and started down the river. They found their canoe to be too small and they stopped and exchanged it

for a larger one. Whether with or without the consent of the owner does not appear. In this way they traveled, paddling their canoe all day and stopping at some house on the bank where they got their supper, lodging and breakfast, and so on from day to day till they arrived at their place of destination. This was the ordinary mode of traveling at that day. When they arrived at Gallipolis, Mr. Cadot stopped at the house of his sister and considered himself at home.

As they had given their parole of honor not to take up arms again until regularly exchanged all he had to do was to go home and go to work on the farm. When the war was ended Claudius went on the river to follow keel boating for the purpose of raising money to buy a piece of land. Keel boating on the river was the only place where a man could go to earn money at all; and the wages paid was very low even there. The first boat he applied to was commanded by the celebrated Mike Fink. The boat belonged to John Finch who was one of a company that run keel boats from Pittsburgh to all the various points in the west. Fink eyed young Claudius very closely, and asked him if he could push. Claudius replied that he could try. So Fink, liking the appearance of the young man, agreed to give him 50 cents a day, that being the wages for a common hand on the Ohio at that time. Claudius soon learned the art of keel boating and stayed with Fink a long time. As he went on to the river to make money, he did not spend it as fast as he got it, which was the usual practice among boatmen at that time. He very soon acquired a considerable pile, all in silver. He got Mike to put it in his trunk for safe keeping. Mike observed to him as he had

the biggest pile he ought to carry the key.

It was the usual practice among boatmen at that time when they landed at a town to go up into town and get on a spree. Mike Fink was as fond of sprecing and rowdying as any of his hands, and it was always necessary for some one to stay with the boat. Claudius, not choosing to spend his money in that way always remained with the boat, which suited him better than spending his money in drinking and carousing, and was very satisfactory to the captain and the rest of the crew.

Mike Fink was a very noted character in his day. He could scarcely be called a good man, although he had some good traits in his composition. He was one of the most wild and reckless rowdying men of his class. Yet he had respect for a man of different habits, and when a man like Claudius Cadot, whose sole aim was to do his duty and save his money, Fink placed greater confidence in him and gave him greater privileges than was extended to the rest of the crew. When he paid him at the end of the year he gave him sixty two and a half cents a day, when the bargain was for only fifty cents a day.

Mr. Cadot followed keel boating four years, during which time he saved money enough to purchase a quarter section of land and settle down to the life of a farmer. Congress lands at that time sold for two dollars an acre. There was one reserved section in each township that was held at four dollars an acre. Mr. Cadot selected a quarter section in Vernon township in one of these reserved sections, on which he built a cabin and prepared to settle himself for life. When he was about twenty-five years of age he married Nancy Ball, who

was well qualified to become the partner of a man of industrious habits.

In 1820 he moved on to his lands, and now commenced the real business of life. Any person who has lived in the western country need not be told what life is on a new farm. Making rails, fencing and clearing off the land was no child's play. Planting trees, building out houses and barns required a good share of mechanical skill as well as labor. All these Mr. Cadot did, and in a very few years had one of the most productive farms in this section of country. In 1829 the wants of his increasing family required a better house. He had a very commodious framed house built. Thus carrying out the western idea which generally consisted of three different styles of houses. First, the rude log cabin generally located near a spring if there is one, or some other place convenient to water. Then comes the hewed log house with shingle roof, glass windows, etc. In this house the children of the family are generally married off. Then, in later years, a more elegant mansion is erected in the latest style of architecture. It is no uncommon sight in traveling through the west to see all three of these buildings standing in close proximity at the same time.

In 1836 Mr. Cadot had the misfortune to lose his wife. She who had stood by him through all these toilsome years and reared for him a lovely and interesting family of sons and daughters, was stricken down by that most incurable of all diseases, the cancer. It is one of the hard conditions of life that just as we think we have placed ourselves in circumstances to enjoy life, death steps in and our cup of happiness is filled with sorrow.

Mr. Cadot afterwards married

Cynthia Stockham, a daughter of Col. Aaron Stockham, with whom he lived happily for a few years, when she died. He was now beginning to feel the weight of years, and having accumulated a sufficient amount of this world's goods to render his declining years comfortable, he gave up the farm to his son Claudius. At the death of his second wife he broke up house-keeping and went to live with his oldest daughter, Mrs. Mary Hayward, who had lost her husband and was living with her four children in the lower end of the Grant. He assisted the family in carrying on their little farm, until the children grew up and scattered off to themselves.

Mr. Cadot, being of a social turn of mind, and fond of company, he purchased a house in Wheelersburg where he could enjoy the benefit of a small social circle of friends, and spend the remainder of his days in quietness. His daughter gave up the farm and now keeps house for him, where they seem to enjoy all the comforts and happiness pertaining to this life.

To sum up now we will bring this biography to a close. Clau-

dius Cadot was the first male child born of French parents in Gallipolis. He is the oldest man now living that was born in Gallia county. He has lived the longest in Scioto county of any in it except two—Samuel Marshall and Samuel Bonser. came here in 1896, and Mr. Cadot in 1797. Lemuel Cadot, his brother, who came here at the same time, is still living in Vernon township. Mr. Cadot was out in the war of 1812, and was surrendered at Detroit under the traitor Hull. He is the last man now alive that belonged to his company. He draws a pension for his services in that war. He is among the last of the keel-boatmen—that peculiar class of boatmen that was once very numerous, but now nearly extinct. He forms a connecting link between a former civilization and the present. He has a family burying ground upon his farm, and his two wives and several children lie buried there. He has build himself at a cost of several hundred dollars, which will be kept in readiness to receive his mortal remains when his earthly career shall have ended.

MAJOR ISAAC BONSER.

It may be very justly claimed that Isaac Bonser was the first man that came into Scioto county with a view to make this his permanent home. He was sent out by a number of persons living in Northumberland county, Pennsylvania, to look for a suitable place on the banks of the Ohio, in the North Western territory, to make a settlement. Some account of his early life and habits may be interesting to make his future history better

understood. He was born a few years before the revolutionary war. He was raised in the midst of those perilous times and was well acquainted with all the troubles, trials and hardships of that eventful period. His father was one of the victims who suffered death from exposure to the hardships incident to the life of a soldier. He was too young to take a part in the service of the colonies, but he did render some service, notwithstanding. Uriah

Barber, a half-brother, was called out to guard some mills in the neighborhood. It was a matter of the first importance to protect the mills of the country from being captured or burned by the enemy, as supplies for the army depended upon them. So Mr. Barber was stationed there as guard to protect the mills, and young Isaac had to carry his dinner to him every day. It was not every boy that rendered that much service.

After the close of the war, Mr. Bonser was employed as a hunter for a surveying party in the backwoods of Pennsylvania — The Indians were always hostile to surveying parties, for they had long since discovered that surveyors kept just a little in advance of the settlements and always foreboded their removal a little further west. Consequently, surveying was rather a dangerous business even in time of peace. There was several surveying parties out at the time, and the one to which Mr. Bonser was attached was rather in advance of the others. The alarm of Indians was raised and the surveyors broke for the settlements without stopping to take much of their camp equipage with them. While hurrying to a place of safety they passed the camp of another party of surveyors who had fled at their approach, supposing the Indians were after them. There was a small creek ran between them and the deserted camp, crossed by a log. Mr. Bonser told the party to wait for him, and he would go over to the camp to see what he could discover. So he crossed over to the camp, and all that he could find that was valuable was a part of a barrel of flour. He thought that was worth saving, but he had nothing to carry it in. So he pulled out the front flap of his shirt as boys

do sometimes to gather walnuts or fruit, and gathering it up in his hand like an old woman would her apron, filled it with flour and returned to the party. They congratulated him for his expedience and forethought to save a little flour to make bread to eat with their game.

His experience with surveying parties rendered him a very expert woodsman and first rate hunter. Therefore he was selected to cross the mountains, penetrate the vast wilderness just opened up for settlement, select a place, return and report. He set out in the spring of 1795 on foot, solitary and alone, with nothing but his rifle, blanket, and such other equipments as he could carry. He crossed the Ohio and meandered the right hand bank till he reached the mouth of Little Scioto river. Here he marked out some pieces of land with his tomahawk, supposing that he would be entitled to it by priority of discovery and locality. This can truly be said to be the first attempt at a settlement in Scioto county. At that time there was no vestige of the beginning of a settlement by any one between Gallipolis and Manchester. When Mr. Bonser got ready to start back he fell in with the surveying party under Mr. Martin, who had just completed surveying the French Grant. They were returning to Marietta in a canoe. Mr. Bonser found them in rather a bad predicament. They had exhausted their stock of provisions, their powder had become damp and unserviceable and they were in danger of suffering for want of something to eat. Mr. Bonser took in the situation at a glance. He proposed to them that as he was going up into Pennsylvania and had rather a heavy load to carry, if they would take his baggage into their canoe he would travel

on shore with nothing but his rifle to carry, would kill as much meat as they all could eat, and camp together every night. This proposition was received with much satisfaction. Mr. Bonser being now relieved of his heavy load walked on the bank with great alacrity and occasionally brought down a deer or a turkey or perhaps a bear or buffalo which they took aboard of the canoe and so traveling was made easy and expeditious for both parties. The first night, after they had eaten their supper of fresh venison and talked over the events of the day, Mr. Bonser asked them to let him see the condition of their powder. The powder was contained in a horn, and too damp to ignite readily. He took a forked stick and stuck it into the ground a suitable distance from the fire, hung the powder horn up and took out the stopper so as to let the steam pass out, and let it remain in this position until morning. The heat from the fire had completely dried the powder so that it was fit for use if it should be needed.

In this manner they meandered the river to Marietta, where they separated—Mr. Martin to report to General Putnam, Surveyor General of the Northwest-ern Territory, and Mr. Bonser to cross the mountains of Pennsylvania and report to those who had sent him out. There is one incident Mr. Bonser related which shows his superior knowledge as a woodsman, and likewise the sound judgment of those who had selected him to explore the wilderness to select a future residence for their families. Mr. Martin would frequently get out of the canoe to exercise his limbs and accompany Mr. Bonser on shore. At one place where the canoe had to make a long circuit to go around a bend, they took a near cut and went across the

point and thereby saved several miles of walking. It was a cloudy day and as soon as they left the river they got to disputing as to the proper course to pursue. Mr. Bonser said that the true course lay in one direction, (pointing with his finger), and Mr. Martin claimed that it lay in another.

There is something singular in the fact that some men, as if by instinct, can keep the true course in the woods, no matter how dark the day may be, and never get lost, while others will travel round and round, and always come back to the same place they started from. Mr. Martin always carried his compass, so the question was easily settled. He took it out of his blanket where he carried it, and planting it in position, soon indicated the course for them to pursue. Mr. Martin gave it up that Bonser was the best woodsman of the two, and was satisfied to let him take the lead in traveling through the woods.

As soon as Mr. Bonser made his report to his friends, it was of so favorable a character that they immediately commenced to prepare to emigrate to the new country. As soon as the roads became opened the next spring, five families set out to cross the mountains with such things as were absolutely necessary in a new country. They reached the Monongahela river at Redstone. Here they built a boat large enough to transport their families and household goods to their place of destination. They were the first five families that came down the Ohio in a boat and settled in Scioto county. They arrived at the mouth of the Little Scioto on the 10th day of August 1796 and took possession of the ground that Mr. Bonser had staked out just one year before. Thus becoming, to all intents and

purposes, the first actual settlers in this county. Their names were Isaac Bonser, Uriah Barber, John Beaty, William Ward and Ephram Adams.

This statement needs a little qualification. When these five families came to Little Scioto they found two families had come in a little ahead of them. Samuel Marshal and John Lindsey had moved up from Manchester and built cabins a few months before. This would seem to give them the priority of settlement. But Mr. Bonser, having been here the year before and marked out the ground he meant to occupy, gives him the preference in point of priority.

Mr. Bonser took possession of the point above the mouth of the creek and proceeded to build a cabin for the reception of his family. Although game was abundant and the means of living within easy reach, yet it was necessary to prepare ground for raising vegetables and bread. Accordingly he immediately commenced to clear a field and fence it preparatory for raising a crop the coming season. Early in the spring of 1797 he had a field of eight or ten acres prepared in which he planted corn and such other vegetables as were needed. This was the first attempt in the way of farming in Scioto county. Mr. Bonser, who took the lead in all industrial enterprises, as soon as a crop of corn was raised, commenced making arrangements to build a mill to grind it. Hand-mills were in use from the start, but they got too slow and too laborious to depend on for bread. A small tributary of Little Scioto about one mile above its mouth seemed to offer facilities for a small water mill. He selected a site and early in 1798 proceeded to build a mill on what was afterwards called Bonser's run. In those days where

a creek or run had no name they gave it the name of the first man who settled on it, which name it generally retained. What kind of a mill it was cannot now be ascertained. But the first mill the writer of this article ever seen there was in 1811. At that time it was a kind of re-acting tub wheel, which was much used in those days, but have been superseded by the modern turbine wheel. At all events it was the first attempt at mill building in this country. We must bear in mind that the public lands were not surveyed at that time, and no pre-emption laws for the protection of settlers, so that any man making improvements of any kind ran the risk of losing his labor by some other person "entering him out," as it was called.

In the summer of 1798 the river was very low, so that the bar above the mouth of the creek was out of the water for nearly two thirds the width of the river. One day while Mr. Bonser, with all the male help he could raise was away building his mill, the women were at the river washing clothes. While they were busy washing, five bears came to the river on the opposite side and swam across to the extreme point of the bar, and came to the bank pretty close to where the women were washing. They had a little dog with them which they set on the bears. As soon as the bears reached the bank the dog made them take to the trees. There the women were, with five bears "treed" (as they called it) and no gun to shoot them with. They were about to send a child for the men to come and shoot the bears, when Barney Munroe came along, and shot all five of them.

It was a rule among hunters, while hunting together in partnership, no matter in what pro-

portions or how they might divide the meat, the man who drew the first blood of any game they might kill, was in all cases entitled to the skin. So Mr. Munroe in the above case, was entitled to the skins of the bears. But the women could claim a share of the meat by virtue of their having "treed" the bears.

Buffalo and Elk were also in abundance at that time. It is not certainly known at what time or who killed the last buffalo. It was probably about the year 1800 or 1801 that the last buffalo was killed, and several hunters of the old school claimed to have killed the last. But as they kept no record of the fact, it cannot at this distance of time be accurately ascertained.

The public lands were surveyed in 1801 and as soon as the land office at Chillicothe was opened, Mr. Bonser secured the land on which his mill was built and kept up a mill there till the day of his death.

He lost a considerable amount of money through the rascality of John Edwards, the man who purchased the fractional section of land where Sciotoville now stands. The land system at that time was very defective, and opened the door for a great deal of fraud to be practiced. All lands were sold at \$2 an acre, and nothing less than a section of 1,640 acres could be purchased. And a man with a small sum of money could not buy land at all, unless he took it at second hand. The worst feature in the system was, it was sold on credit, paying on fourth of the purchase money down, and the balance in annual payments. With this explanation, we proceed with our story. Col. Edwards, as was stated above, purchased the portion including the mouth of Little Scioto, paid one-fourth of the money down, and got his certificate of

purchase. He proceeded to sell small lots, to suit purchasers, until there was none left. He then moved over into Kentucky, and left them to either clear the land out of the office or lose it, just as they thought proper. Mr. Bonser was one of the victims of this fraudulent transaction. About the year 1820, congress reduced the price of land to \$1.25 an acre, and sold no more on credit. And likewise passed a law for all those who had purchased land under the former system and had forfeited it by failing to pay up could go and select any other unsold lands to the amount of money they had formerly paid. In this way Mr. Bonser got his money back after laying out of the use of it for a quarter of a century and the best lands had all been bought up.

However, Mr. Bonser secured the quarter section where his mill was built. He built a house and planted an orchard, and made other extensive improvements. Some of the apple trees of his first planting are yet in good bearing condition. They are more than 70 years of age. As soon as the state of Ohio was admitted into the union of states, and Scioto struck off from Adams, the state proceeded to construct a wagon road from Portsmouth to Gallipolis. Isaac Bonser, Mr. Uriah Barber and another man took the contract to cut out and make the road passable for wagons. It lay nearly all the way through a dense forest. They had to cut the stumps so low that a wagon could pass over them, and clear everything out so as to make a good road. They surveyed and measured the distance, and marked every mile tree. This was called a state road, in contradistinction from other roads. The location has been very little changed since.

Scioto county was set off from

Adams county in 1803, and courts were held the same year. At the June term, in 1804, Mr. Bonser was one of the grand jurors. As records were very imperfectly kept at that early day, it is hard to tell who were the leading men of the time. But it is reasonable to suppose that Mr. Bonser took an active part in the organization of the county, and putting its machinery in operation. In addition to his little water mill (which could not grind more than half the year for want of water) he built a hand-mill of a different construction from the common hand-mills of the country. He geared it like a common water mill with a cog wheel, trundle head, hopper, damson shoe, and everything just like a water mill with a shaft through the cog wheel and a crank on each end. Two men would take hold of the cranks and grind out a small grist in a few minutes. In dry seasons the neighbors would come several miles to grind on Mr. Bonser's hand-mill, but he never took toll; he thought it was hard enough grinding without giving toll.

In 1808 the people of the surrounding country celebrated the fourth of July on the farm of Mr. Bonser. Great preparations were made, and the people came from far and near—West Union, Gallipolis, and all the intermediate country were represented. They bored out a log and banded it with iron to serve as a cannon. But it soon burst. Robert Lucas read the declaration of independence and made a speech. It is said to have been the first celebration of the kind ever held in Ohio. At all events it formed an epoch in the annals of Scioto county.

Mr. Bonser took an active part in organizing the militia of this county. At that time the militia was better organized than at the

present. The county was composed of ten battallions, which constituted a regiment. He was elected Major of one of the battallions. In those days they held two musters a year, on which occasions Major Bonser acted as field officer.

In the war of 1812 his oldest son, Joseph Bonser, went out in the first call for men, and was taken prisoner at the surrender of Detroit, under Hull. In 1813 a general call was issued for all the men in the Scioto valley to go to the seat of war. Major Bonser went out with the rest at the head of his battallion. They went as far as Sandusky, but the enemy had been driven off before they got there.

There is but little worthy of record from this time on for several years. About the year 1816 or '17 he built an over-shot mill, the first and only one of the kind ever built in Scioto county. He was always tinkering with mills, and would not be long at a time without one. He made a dam a mile or 'so up the creek and took out a race and by keeping it on a level he obtained fall enough for a sixteen foot over-shot wheel. Here he built a good mill, and kept it in operation till his death.

In the fall of 1827 he was elected to the legislature of Ohio. It may with truth be said of that legislative body that there was at least one honest man, whatever the others might have been. He passed the remainder of his life—some twenty years—in the cultivation of his farm and management of his little mill. He was not ambitious after office, but anything that his neighbors required of him in a public capacity, he did his duty to the best of his abilities. He had some peculiar notions of moral honesty which he practiced in all his dealings with his neighbors. He laid it down as an axiom in trade that

all commodities should have a certain fixed cash value, without regard to supply and demand or the fluctuations in trade. For instance, corn should always sell for twenty-five cents a bushel, and wheat for fifty cents. More than that a buyer could not afford to give, and the seller ought not ask. And so with other articles. Accumulation of riches was no part of his business. His farm and mill supplied him abundantly with all the substantial of life. He could always sell enough to pay his taxes and supply himself with groceries and other necessities.

The money market never troubled him. Panics, the breaking of banks and the convulsions of the commercial world never disturbed him. He was a model of industry. In winter or summer, cold weather or warm, it was all the same to him. He was always at work, and no day was allowed to pass in idleness. He had no money at interest to fall back on in his old age, but continued to work up to within a few days of his death. His mill race which supplied his mill with water needed some repairs which he did himself, although over 80 years of age. When he had finished it up to mind he sat down in his house with great satisfaction, and remarked to his family that he had finished his mill race, and done it well. Now he was ready for the water. But he did not live to see the water come. He was taken sick that night, and in a week was dead.

He was a hunter by profession, but never killed game for mere sport. When he hunted, it was because his family or some of his neighbors wanted meat. There were some of the first settlers here who were not hunters. He usually made a bargain with such if they had a house to pack in the meat as fast as he killed it,

and then divide equally. In this way he supplied a number of families with meat until they could raise a crop of corn. His hospitality was unbounded. He kept open house for all. He had a large family of his own, and they had a large circle of friends who were almost always at his house, more especially on Sundays, when they always had a large company. He was social in his habits, and always relished a good joke. Fond of relating his experience as a woodsman and hunter, and speaking of the times of the revolution, was his delight.

In politics, he was always a democrat. He voted for General Jackson in 1824, when there were but few Jackson men in the county.

He did not belong to any church, but would go to hear any man preach whose politics were right. His wife was a member of the Baptist church, and was a very pious woman. She did not long survive him, but was buried at his side, and one tombstone marks both their graves.

Isaac Bonsor, the subject of this sketch was born in Pennsylvania, in 1767. Abigail Burt, his wife, was born in New Jersey in 1770. They were married young and had four children before they came to Ohio. They had twelve children altogether. Samuel, the only one living here now occupies the old homestead. Joseph, the oldest son, was killed by the premature discharge of a cannon. He was an enthusiastic admirer of General Jackson, and in the fall of 1836, when the old hero was returning to Washington from a visit to the Hermitage, the last year of his presidency, some of his most ardent friends in Portsmouth brought out the six pounder to give a salute as he came up. They were unused to artillery and being very reck-

less in their enthusiasm, went ahead thoughtlessly. After firing two or three times the touch hole became very hot, and the man whose duty it was to hold his thumb on the vent removed it while they were ramming down the wadding; the cannon went off, killing Joseph Bonser and three others. It was a sad affair for the city of Portsmouth.

The names of the children of Major Bonser were Joseph, Jane, Hannah and Samuel, born in

Pennsylvania; and Isaac, Sally, John, Jacob, Uriah and Nathaniel—ten in all—were born in this county. Of these ten children only one remains in this county. Samuel, who now resides on the old homestead farm is the last living link that unites the present generation to the first pioneers of the country, except Samuel Marshall, who lives in Madison township, whose biography will shortly be given.

URIAH BARBER.

According to a tombstone in the graveyard of Samuel C. Briggs, Mr. Barber died in June, 1846, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. It does not give the date of his birth, but it can be presumed that he was born in the year 1761, just one year after George III. was crowned King of England. Mr. Barber was born in Pennsylvania, and raised as a British subject, consequently his youth was passed amid the stirring scenes which preceded the revolution which separated the colonies from the mother country. He was with Gen. Sullivan in his campaigns against the British. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Gen. Anthony Wayne—"Old mad Anthony," as he was pleased to call him. It is not now certainly known whether he served under Wayne or not, but he was always very fond of repeating anecdotes of Wayne to the last years of his life. One anecdote the writer of this article heard him repeat only a few years previous to his death. On one occasion the British and American armies were lying in close proximity to each other but not actually fighting. The American army was

commanded by Washington in person. There was a British battery that occasionally played upon the American lines and annoyed them a good deal. Washington addressed one of his Generals, and pointing towards the battery, asked him if he did not think it could be captured. The officer looked at it, shook his head and said it would be a dangerous undertaking. Washington passed on and put the question to another officer who did not seem to favor the job. He still passed on and every officer he met he wanted to know his opinion as to the practicability of silencing that battery. But none of them gave him much encouragement till at last he came to Wayne. Washington, still pointing toward the battery, said:

"Wayne, don't you think you could silence that battery if you had a chance? It's giving us a good deal of annoyance, and I would like to have it stopped."

Wayne looked in the direction of the battery a few moments, then turning to Washington, said:

"Yes, by G—d; give me a few men, such as I can select, and I'll

silence that battery, d—d quick."

"You're the man I've been looking for. Take as many men as you please, and silence that battery as soon as possible."

Wayne called for volunteers, and soon had possession of the battery. I do not know whether Wayne was a swearing man or not, but Mr. Barber, in telling stories of this kind, used some very emphatic language.

He married the daughter of John Clingman about the close of the revolutionary war, and lived in Northumberland county, Pa. When the Indian wars ceased in 1795, he, with a few others, resolved to cross the Ohio and settle in the west.

They sent out Isaac Bonser, a first-rate hunter and woodsman, to explore the wilderness and seek out a location for their future home. Mr. Bonser returned and reported favorably as to the Ohio valley being in every respect a desirable country and well suited to their condition and wants.

In the spring of 1796, they packed up their goods—five families—and crossed the mountains to the navigable waters of the Monongahela, at a shipping point called Red Stone. Here they procured a large family boat and embarked, with all their goods, for the mouth of Little Scioto—the point Mr. Bonser had selected a year before. On the 10th of August they reached their place of destination. Mr. Bonser did not stop long at Little Scioto, but preferred the rich bottom lands of the Big Scioto. He removed to what has always been called Oldtown, near where Geo. Davis' distillery is at present. It is said that the Indians occupied this place long anterior to its settlement by the whites. There was a good deal of cleared land, and other indications of its having been an old Indian vil-

lage. The first settlers gave it the name of Oldtown, which it has retained ever since. Mr. Barber remained here a few years, farming on a small scale and doing such other business as the first fitting up of a new country afforded.

When Henry Massie laid out the town of Portsmouth in 1802, Mr. Barber got a lot from him on condition of his building a good two-story log house, and opening a tavern. He built the house and moved into it. But in 1804 his wife died, giving birth to her 10th child. This was the first child born in Portsmouth. This left Mr. Barber in a bad condition to keep tavern. He sold the house to John Brown, Esq., who opened a tavern and continued to keep it for some years, thus carrying out the contract of Mr. Barber.

Chillicothe and Ross county were filling up very rapidly at this time, and a brisk trade sprung up between the Ohio river and the settlements at Chillicothe. Mr. Barber went into the business of keel boating. It is said that he took the first keel boat that ever ascended the Scioto. Keel boating was the only cash business of the country at that time, and Mr. Barber made money until steam boats superseded the keel boat as a means of transportation.

Soon after Mr. Barber's wife died, having a large family on his hands to provide for, he married a young woman by the name of Rachel Beard. He purchased a piece of land about a mile from Portsmouth on the Gallia road. Here he built a good, substantial frame house on the ground at present occupied by George Ball. Here he lived and followed the business of farming. He owned 50 acres, running from a little north of the Gallia road to the Ohio river

—all first-rate bottom land including the present residence of the Hon. Elijah Glover. This place would have rendered him independent for life, but for an unfortunate circumstance, too common in those days. During his boating days he became well known in Chillicothe. He was induced to become an endorser for Thomas Scott, of that place. Mr. Scott failed to meet his obligations, and his securities had to make up the deficiencies. This reduced Mr. Barber to the necessity of selling his land near Portsmouth and removing further into the country. With the remnant of his means he bought a few acres on Lawson's run immediately north of Martin Fink. Here he built a cabin, planted an orchard, and made such other improvements as enabled him to pass the remainder of his days in peace and quietness.

Mr. Barber raised a very numerous family. His first wife had ten children, viz: John, Hannah, Samuel, Nathaniel, Joseph, Jane, Isaac, James, Washington and Polly.

John Barber was about fifteen years old when he came here, and was well posted in everything pertaining to the first settlement of the country. He assisted to open the State road from Portsmouth to Gallipolis. He was a man of very considerable ability although his education was limited. But he was a diligent reader and studied what few books came in his way. He had a very philosophical turn of mind, and if he had received a classical education in some institution of learning, and had free access to books, he would have raised himself to eminence in some department of philosophical research. His father, Mr. Bonser, and another man, had the contract for opening the road to Gallipolis. They performed the most of the

labor themselves, with the assistance of their boys, among whom John Barber was a very efficient hand. When the road was finished and they had received their money, a difficulty arose about the division of it. Some of the partners had furnished more provisions than others. One man had a yoke of oxen, and another furnished something else. None of them had much knowledge of figures. They were willing to allow each other's accounts, but could not divide the pile. John Barber, a mere boy, was looking on, and saw the difficulty.

He said to one man "How much did you put in?"

He named the sum.

"Well, take that much out of the pile."

He said to another, "How much did you furnish?"

The man named the sum.

"Take that much out of the pile," said John.

He did so.

He then says to the third man, "How much did you put in?"

He named the sum, when young Barber as usual told him to take it from the pile. This done, every man had the amount of stock that he originally put in.

"Now," says the young umpire, "divide the remainder of the pile equally between you, and each partner will have his proper share."

These small incidents are of not much value in themselves, but they show the manner of doing business and the habits of the people at that early day.

He was a chain-carrier when the first survey of Portsmouth was made. Mr. Massie gave him a lot in the new town for his services on that occasion. Whether the lot was a full compensation for the work he did, tradition does not say. But it appears that he did not value the lot very

highly, for he soon sold it for a pair of boots, which he had immediate use for.

He married a Miss Swords and bought the farm on the Chillicothe pike near where Philip Noel lives at present. Here he followed farming for a considerable number of years when he sold his farm to Solomon Noel, and moved into Portsmouth.

He worked at the carpenters business. Was employed in the rolling mill a number of years. He was also a justice of the peace, but did not do much business, as he preferred working for a living. The cholera took him off at the age of about 65.

Of the other children of Uriah Barber, the boys mostly followed keel-boating.

Samuel married a Miss Tomlinson, and raised a large family.

Joseph hurt himself pushing on a keel boat on the Scioto river, which brought on a disease which caused his death in 1815.

Nathaniel followed the river till his death.

Jane went crazy and drowned herself.

Isaac married the widow of David Dennis. Some of his children are yet living in Portsmouth. By his second wife he had Sarah, Michael, Maria, one that died before it was named, Marendra, William, Nancy, Louisa and Joseph.

Marendra married Mr. Samuel Briggs and lives about a mile from Portsmouth.

William lives at Wheelersburg. Of the others, some are dead, and others scattered abroad.

Uriah Barber was an industrious man, and of sterling integrity. During the boating period of his life he made some money. But the expenses of a large family and his generous disposition prevented him from accumulating much property. He was an ardent admirer of the heroes of

the revolution and likewise of the war of 1812. When Gen. Jackson was named for the presidency in 1824, Mr. Barber became one of his staunchest supporters. He was never an aspirant after office, but after his retirement from active life, his friends, as a compliment, always placed his name on their ticket for the office of coroner. He was elected coroner for a great many years, even after he got too old and feeble to attend to the duties of that office. On one occasion the sheriff died and left a vacancy for him to fill, which he did by appointing a deputy. He died in 1846, and his remains were escorted to the grave by a military company commanded by Capt. Peter Kinney. They fired a volley over his grave, and he was buried with the honors of war.

Since the above was written, Polly Barber, now the wife of Mr. John B. Mattocks, and grand-daughter of the subject of this sketch, put into my hands the following obituary notice which appeared in the papers at the time of his death:

ANOTHER REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER GONE.

"Died at his residence in Clay township, near Portsmouth, on the 27th inst., Mr. Uriah Barber in the 92d year of his age.

The deceased was a native of Northumberland county, Pennsylvania, where he joined the United States army and served in Sullivan's campaign, and upon the return of peace, when his country no longer required his services in the field of battle, he laid down his arms, and with other hardy pioneers from the old states, came to the Ohio valley for the purpose of subduing the wilderness and opening new channels for the enjoyment of the blessings of civil liberty

which they had fought to receive.

Major Barber landed at the mouth of Little Scioto river on the 10th day of August, 1796, where Mr. Lindsey had settled the previous year; there he remained a short time, and afterwards removed to the west side of the Scioto near the mouth of Dog Run. In 1803 he erected the first hewed log house in Portsmouth, some one or two cabins having been previously erected. The house stood at the corner on which the National hotel now stands, and was designed for a tavern; but owing to the death of Mrs. Barber in 1804, this design was abandoned, and Major Barber engaged in the carrying business on the Scioto river. For that purpose he built a keel boat, and made the first trip up the Scioto river to Chillicothe, ever made by a keel boat on that river, a fur trader by the name of Dunham having recently navigated the Scioto in a 'Pereogue' as far up as that point. Major Barber shortly afterwards located on his farm near town where he resided for near 40 years, sustaining the character of a good and worthy citizen.

His remains, on Sunday evening last, were followed by a very large concourse of people to Brigg's burying ground, where

they were interred with military honors. Major B. has left a widow and many relations to mourn his loss."

The above was published more than 25 years ago, and is slightly inaccurate. His tombstone places his age at 85 years, otherwise the above obituary is very nearly correct. It is much to be regretted that more pains were not taken during the lives of these pioneers to get the exact history of the times in which they lived and placed on record, so that the future historian need have no trouble in writing out a true and correct history of scioto county. But as no such record was made until the last pioneer was dead, we now have to rely on such traditions as can be gathered from their descendants. These are for the most part conflicting and contradictory so that it is hard to arrive at the exact truth. But it is hoped that by publishing all that is extant at this time concerning the pioneers of the country there will be sufficient preserved to enable the future historian to approximate so near the truth as to furnish a tolerably correct history of the times that are fast fading out of the memory of the present generation.

PETER NOEL.

The subject of this biographical sketch was born in Virginia, near the banks of the Potomac, in the year 1736. consequently he is now 97 years old.

His father emigrated to this county in 1799. They came in wagons across the mountains to Wheeling. There they stored

the greater part of their goods to have them sent down by water when they should locate a place to settle in. They crossed the Ohio on pack horses, with only necessary articles, such as bedding and cooking utensils. The river was very low, so they forded it, thus saving the expenso of

ferriage. The women and children riding the horses while the men and boys waded. Peter at that time was 12 years old, and the water came up to his knees. After crossing the river they struck boldly out into the wilderness.

The Scioto Salt Works were in full blast at that time. So they steered their course across the Hocking valley to the salt works, which were situated where the town of Jackson now stands. From thence they struck for the mouth of the Scioto river. Crossing the river, they located in what was called Old Town, although there was no town there. The Indians had once occupied it, and the ground was cleared so that it was easier to commence a settlement than in the dense woods which prevailed at that time. Here they remained until the public lands on the east side of the Scioto were surveyed, when they purchased the tract on which Mr. Noel at present resides. They purchased land in the military district, but their title being defective they lost their land, and had to buy from congress before they got a good title.

Philip Noel, the father of the subject of this sketch, bought a large tract of land about five miles from Portsmouth, consisting in part of the rich lands of the Scioto bottoms and running back into the hills. They built a house on the Chillicothe road, and being strong handed, they soon had a fine farm opened, with live stock and everything in abundance. Everything was in a prosperous condition, without any event worthy of record, till the spring of 1812. War appeared to be inevitable between this country and England. The Indians were becoming troublesome on the frontier, and the governor called out two regi-

ments of volunteers to be in readiness when the war came. Scioto county responded to the call by sending two companies to the front. Peter Noel, the subject of this sketch, and three of his brothers, volunteered in the company commanded by Capt. David Roop and were mustered into the U. S. service on the 7th of May, 1812. As the pay and muster out roll is still in existence, I herewith give it, so that the public may see who they were.

MUSTER ROLL OF CAPT. DAVID ROOP'S COMPANY IN THE FIRST REGIMENT OF OHIO VOLUNTEERS, COMMANDED BY COL. DUNCAN M'ARTHUR IN THE SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES, WHOSE TERM OF ENLISTMENT COMMENCED OCT. 1, 1812, AND EXPIRED MAY 7, 1813.

- 1 Roop David, Captain.
- 2 Arnold Thomas, Lieutenant.
- 3 M'Dougal Richard, Ensign.
- 4 Wilcoxen Geo. W., 1st Sargent
- 5 Coberly William, 2d "
- 6 Rankins Benj., 3d "
- 7 Noel Daniel, 4th "
- 8 Zarley Reason, 1st Corporal.
- 9 Carey John, 2d "
- 10 Bevins Thomas, 3d "
- 11 Rardon Daniel, in U. S. A.
- 12 Noel John, Fifer.
- 13 Mustard Enos, Drummer.
- 14 Brewer Richard, Privates.
- 15 Collins Thomas "
- 16 Clark John, "
- 17 Carey William, drew no pay at Dayton.
- 18 Dabington Alisha, "
- 19 Deaver James, "
- 20 Deaver William, "
- 21 Groninger John, "
- 22 Groninger Abraham, "
- 23 Glazo Airhart, "
- 24 Mustard Joseph, "
- 25 Luforgeo John, "
- 26 Mulholland Charles, in U. S. A.
- 27 M'Dougal George, Privates.
- 28 Moore John, "
- 29 Noel John, Sr., "

30 Noel Peter, Privates.
 31 Noel Nicholas, "
 32 Noel Philip, "
 33 Nichols Joseph, "
 34 Noel Jacob P., "
 35 Plowman Michael, died at
 Detroit.
 36 Rardon John, in U. S. A.
 37 Rardon James, Privates.
 38 Rinely Henry, "
 39 Smith John, "
 40 Smith Isaac, "
 41 Shelpman Spicer, "
 42 Stewart Paul, "
 43 Wilcoxon Walter, "
 44 Williams Thomas, "
 45 Wright William, "
 46 Wilcoxon Thomas "

lost but one man, who died at Detroit. They were in two or three severe skirmishes, where a good many were killed and wounded, but it appears there were no casualties in Captain Roop's company.

It becomes necessary here to say something of Captain Roop. He always carried a rifle instead of a sword and at the battle of Brownstown, where our men were put to flight, Roop, being a stout, athletic man, as well as swift of foot, told his men to seek their safety as quick as possible by flight, and he would keep the Indians at bay with his rifle and tomahawk as long as he could, and if they pressed him too closely he could out run the swiftest Indian among them. In this way he brought all his men off safely. He shot several Indians just as they were on the point of tomahawking some of the men. He saved the life of George M'Dougal by shooting an Indian who was drawing his hatchet to strike the fatal blow. Capt. Roop was a man of undoubted courage, but very unofficer-like in his appearance. He would not be troubled with a sword, but carried the same arms and dressed in his linsey hunting shirt, the same as the men. As he had to associate with officers, some of whom belonged to the regular army, they courtmartialled him for his unofficer-like appearance, broke him of his commission, and reduced him to the ranks. The next day the company elected him captain again. They let it run on a few days, and Roop, being fond of whisky, got tight. Thereupon the officers had him tried again by court martial, found him guilty of drunkenness, and broke him again. The second time they elected him captain. They then told the officers they might go and break him as often as they pleased,

RECAPITULATION.

	Captain	Lieutenants	Ensigns	Sergeants	Corporals	Musicians	Privates	Total
Present for duty.....	1	1	1	4	3	2	30	42
In U. S. Army.....						1	2	3
Dead.....							1	1
Recapitulation.....	1	1	1	4	4	2	33	45

We do certify on honor that this muster roll exhibits a true statement of Captain David Roop's rifle company in the first regiment of Ohio Volunteers, commanded by Col. Duncan M'Arthur for the period herein mentioned, and the remarks set opposite the names of the men is accurate and just.

— CAPTAIN.

—, Lieutenant.

After the capitulation at Detroit under Hull, they gave their parole and were put aboard of transports and landed at the mouth of the Cuyahoga river. They then made their way home in the best manner they could. Peter and his three brothers started to walk across the state of Ohio to their homes. But their father hearing of their approach, took horses and met them at Circleville.

It appears that the company had been out five months and

they would elect him captain just as often. So the officers had to give it up and let him dress and do as he pleased.

David Roop was a fair specimen and true type of the ancient backwoodsman and hunter. He was brave and generous to a fault. He was uneducated and uncouth in his manner and conversation. Industrious in his habits, but rather too fond of whisky. He belonged to a class that is, fast dying out, and the time is not far distant when the backwoods hunter will be known only in history.

There are a good many anecdotes current among the old settlers of the times as they existed sixty years ago, some of which I will relate, though they are barely fit to be seen in print at the present day. But if we mean to give a true picture of social life as it existed sixty years ago, we must state some things that in our present refined state of society would hardly be tolerated in a lady's drawing room.

Captain Roop, as was stated above, was rather fond of whisky, and used to come to town frequently for the purpose of having a spree. On one occasion, after he had been drinking pretty freely for a day or two, he stepped into a tavern and called for his morning bitters. Whisky at that time was sold by the half-pint, drawn in a half-pint glass bottle, and sold invariably at nine pence a half-pint. So the tavern-keeper drew a half pint bottle of whisky and sat it on the table. Roop took up a glass tumbler and poured the whisky into it. His stomach boiling out of order and a little squalmish, revolted against the nauseous draught. However, he took up the glass and swallowed the contents at a gulp. But before he could remove the glass from his lips, his stomach threw

it up and filled the glass again. Not wishing to be baffled out of his morning bitters, he swallowed it down again. But again it returned and filled the glass as before. While he was holding the glass in his hand, Sam McDowl came in and said—

"Roop, ain't you going to treat this morning? I want my morning dram."

Seeing Roop holding the glass in his hand, he stepped up and snatched it and drank it before Roop could stop him.

"Ah," says McDowl, "a man feels better after taking his bitters."

"Well," says Roop, "you had a d——d sight better luck than I had, for I swallowed it five times and d——d if I could make it stick."

Another time when Captain Roop was in town he had a practical joke played off on him of rather a serious character.—Buckskin pantaloons were in fashion, and nearly all men in the country wore them. They constituted a very good winter garment in dry weather, but there were some draw backs to them in wet weather. When they were soaking wet they would stretch out almost equal to India rubber, and when dried they would shrink up to small dimensions. He came into town one day when it was raining and he got soaking wet, and as was the custom in those days, when a man got wet outside he must take something to wet the inside to keep up the equilibrium. So he was not only soaking wet, but gloriously drunk. In order to sober off and dry himself he lay down before the fire and was soon fast asleep. While he was laying in this state of unconsciousness a man took hold of his buckskin pantaloons and stretching them out about a foot took his knife and cut off the piece.

When Roop woke up, tolerably sober, his pantaloons had dried to a crisp. He felt of his breeches to find out what was the matter and putting his hand on the place where the piece was cut out, with much surprise in his manner exclaimed—

"F——d if I knew there was a hole in my trousers before."

David Roop married a daughter of Peter Noel, on Pond creek and raised a respectable family of children. He was a man of marked characteristics and a good citizen, whose class is fast passed away. His weakness for strong drink was his greatest fault, but temperance societies had not come in vogue in his day and in that respect he was not worse than thousands of the present day.

There is but little in the life of a farmer that is worthy of record. Mr. Noel has spent the remainder of his days, after returning from the army, in cultivating the soil and improving the country. He married, and settled on the land originally purchased by his father, and has lived there for over sixty years. He is quite lively for a man of his age, and frequently walks to Portsmouth. He says he can walk five miles an hour, which is pretty fast walking for a young man. He is one of the few yet left among us who served in the war of 1812, and draws a pension.

There were three brothers came to this country about the

same time. Philip Noel, the father of the subject of the present sketch, settled about five miles from Portsmouth, and raised a large family of children. Their names were Peter, Solomon, Jacob P., John, Mary, Catharine, Isaac, David, Alsdorn, Margaret, Aaron, Elijah. He lived to be 86 years old.

Peter Noel, his brother, settled on Pond creek, and likewise had a large family: Jacob, John, Peter the 2d, Margaret who married David Roop, Abram G., Daniel, Susanna who married Seth Grimes, Philip, Isaac, Solomon, Andrew, George and James—13 in all.

Nicholas Noel, another brother, settled up about Camp creek. He had a large family of children also, but we could not ascertain their number.

The three families, when they were all here in their prime, were the most numerous and exerted the most powerful influence of any family in Seboto county. They were industrious and thrifty in their habits, and generally accumulated considerable property. Some of them died quite wealthy.

In a future article, when I come to speak of the leading men of Portsmouth, I will give the life of Jacob P. Noel, a brother of Peter, who built the first rolling mill in Portsmouth, and likewise others of the family who resided here at an early day.

POLLY SIKES.

see Keyes

"Write blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

—Rev. xiv. 13.

Truly may it be said, that a mother in Israel has departed from among us. A g. p has been rent in the social circle which it will be hard to fill.

Polly Sikes was born in Rock-bridge county, Virginia, on the 17th of July, 1799. Shortly after her birth her parents moved into Albemarle county, where they remained ten years. During this period she attended such schools as the county afforded, and she became tolerably proficient in the elements of a common education. Singing and dancing were not neglected, as they were at that day necessary to complete a young lady's education. But in the spring of 1810 her father took it into his head to remove into a new country. Although he was in a thriving business and doing well, yet he had been raised in a state where slavery was not tolerated, and he could not entertain the idea of rearing a family of children in a community where slavery existed in some of its worst forms. Accordingly in the fall of 1810 he pulled up stakes and started for the State of Ohio, the frontier state of the Union at that time. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the hardships and difficulties of reaching a new country at that time. He had to ford and ferry large rivers and drive over precipices and rocks almost in passible, and encounter almost unnumberable barriers in various shapes. Suffice it to say that the road lay exactly in the line of the Chesa-

apeake, and Ohio railroad. He finally reached his place of destination at the mouth of Little Scioto on the 2d of December, 1810. Here he was in a new country, thinly populated, without church organizations, without schools, society in a rude and disorganized condition. The first few years spent in any new country are always attended by more or less privations and sufferings, and he had his full share. New-comers flocked in rapidly and society improved in a corresponding ratio, and he was in a fair way to enjoy all the comforts of life. But unfortunately in 1814, she had the misfortune to lose her father. This was a blow felt with peculiar force upon that family. Her mother was left with a family of eight children to provide for. Polly, who was just then emerging into womanhood, became the sole assistant and counsellor of her mother in this her trying time of affliction. And well and nobly did she perform her part.

Polly was always fond of young company and amusement, and took a leading part in all recreations of the country, such as dancing balls, singing schools, and parties of all kinds, until she entered her eighteenth year when a change came over her and she became a seeker of religion. Under the preaching of Elder Geo. Guthrie (who was pastor of the Tygart's Creek Baptist Church), she became convinced of the sinfulness of her former life, and was converted. In the fall of 1817 she was baptised in the Ohio river at the landing of Deacon John McCoy by Elder Guthrie, and became a member of Tygart's Creek Baptist

Church. This church was located in Kentucky. From this time forth she left off all frivolous amusements that young people indulge in such as song-singing, dancing, etc.

There is one incident I will mention here that I think had some influence on her life ever afterward. Some of the girls in the neighborhood of Little Scioto took it into their heads to come down to Portsmouth to a Methodist Quarterly meeting if the boys would take a large canoe they had and bring them down. This was a frolic for the boys, so the party was made up and came to Portsmouth to attend quarterly meeting. This was in the spring of 1818. I expect the practices of the church were somewhat different from the present day. There was no houses of worship in Portsmouth at that time, but all large meetings were held in the court house. So they got down about the commencement of "love feast." The girls presented themselves at the door for admission to the love feast. John R. Turner and another brother were stationed at the door to admit none but such as they deemed worthy to enter.

Betsy Price first applied for admission. I do not know how well the young ladies of that day dressed, but Miss Price had in addition to her dress a very fine ostrich feather in her hat which gave her a very gay appearance. Brother Turner scrutinized her very closely from head to foot, and asked her if she belonged to church. She replied that she did not. Mr. Turner still examined her dress very closely, when his eye rested on the ostrich feather. That settled the question. He said to her, "we cannot admit cockades into our church." She stepped aside and Polly Keyes' turn came next. She was

as well dressed as Betsy Price with the exception of the feather in her hat. Mr. Turner asked her if she belonged to church. The door-keepers, not seeing any thing decidedly objectionable, about her told her to pass in. As she was passing in to where the meeting was held, she overheard Mr. Turner remark to his brother doorkeeper that he thought it would be much more becoming in our Baptist sister if she would dress a little plainer when she wants to attend a Methodist love feast. I think this influenced her life ever afterward as she never afterwards suffered her mind to be carried away by the frivolities of dress.

In the spring, 1819 she was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Levi Sikes, a young man of steady and industrious habits, and one well calculated to render her life a happy one. Soon after they were married they moved into Portsmouth. He was a brickmaker by occupation and as Portsmouth was improving rapidly at that time he soon acquired a considerable property, which, if he had retained, would have made him rich. But building slacked off and he, getting discouraged, exchanged his city property for a farm in the country. This was a fatal mistake. Although Mr. Sikes was a very industrious man, yet he was no farmer, and not possessed of the requisite qualifications to render him a successful farmer. He exchanged his farm for a small grist mill in Vernon township, since known as Chaffins' Mill. While living here she lost her only sister, which was a great affliction to her, as since her mother's death, (which occurred in 1821) her sister had made it her home with her. After a few years Mr. Sikes got tired of the mill, and exchanged it for a farm

on the Gallia road near Slocum's Station. Here he lived a few years farming but indifferently. Their family was increasing, and the increasing cares fell heavily upon Mrs. Sikes. He sold again and bought the old Hungerford-mill place on Little Scioto. This was a good farm, and they might have done well, but Mr. Sikes took it into his head to be a preacher, and he spent so much of his time away from home that the cares of supporting the family and carrying on the farm devolved almost wholly upon her. Finally there was an old debt of a hundred dollars or so came against him, which completely discouraged him. He sold his farm to his son James, who proved to be an excellent farmer. James gave the old folks the privilege of living on the place till they could get a place for themselves. During this time congress had been passing pension laws in favor of revolutionary soldiers. Mr. Sikes' mother, a very old, decrepid lady, was living with him. Under the late laws she was entitled to a pension and large sums as back pay to which her husband, who had served in the revolutionary army was entitled. This placed Mr. Sikes on his legs again. He bought a farm higher up the creek, where they spent the remainder of their days in comparative ease, surrounded by all the comforts of life.

Polly Sikes remained a member of Tygart's Creek church as long as that church remained in existence. The members living in Ohio at that time organized a church on Ward's Run, and named it Porter church. This charge

had but a feeble existence, and ultimately died out. She then went to Webster and joined the Bloom church, presided over by Elder John Bennet. Here she enjoyed herself as a church member for a number of years. But old age coming on, and not being able to ride on horseback, as formerly, she got a letter of dismissal from Bloom church, and joined the First Baptist church of Portsmouth. Here she could visit her children, who lived in Portsmouth, two or three times a year, and enjoy the privileges of the church at the same time.

She was a woman of remarkably even temper. She was hardly ever known to be unduly excited, but took everything in good part. She believed that everything pertaining to this earth was ordered by an allwise, overruling Providence who ordered everything for our good. If they came in the shape of trials and afflictions, it was our duty to bear them without complaining. She had her full share of trials and sufferings, but never paraded them before the world, but bore them in silence and resignation. Elder John Bennet preached her funeral sermon from the text placed at the head of this article, which she had long since selected. Her mother's funeral had been preached from the same text 52 years ago, and she always wanted her own funeral to be preached from the same text. She leaves seven children to mourn her loss—four sons and three daughters, all settled and doing well. She will long be remembered by all those who had the happiness to be among her acquaintances.

MARTIN FUNK.

In hunting up and writing these biographical sketches it is extremely difficult to arrive at the correct dates of such particular events as we wish to place upon record. We have in a great measure to rely upon traditions of the family and such other circumstances as can be made available and then a good deal may be no better than guesswork. Even tombstones do not give the requisite information. For instance, it is a well-known fact that Martin Funk, who is the subject of this biographical sketch was one of the pioneers of Scioto county, and one who was long and favorably known as an honest, industrious and thrifty farmer. Yet none of his descendants can tell the year in which he was born. In writing biography it is very essential to have the date of a man's birth, as without this he has no starting point. The inscription on his tombstone says that Martin Funk died in 1838, aged 77 years. Now, by a small sum in subtraction, we find that he was born in 1761. This corroborated by a tradition yet lingering in the family. There is an old record still extant in the family of Mrs. Mick. Methylwaite, which says that Elizabeth Funk was born in 1772, and Mrs. Mickelthwaite says that her father was ten years older than her mother.

From these two circumstances we have a starting point. Martin Funk was born of German parents, in Pennsylvania in 1761 or '62. He belonged to the thrifty stock of old German emigrants that came to Pennsylvania in the early settlement of that old flourishing commonwealth. He came into the world at the time

when the colonies were preparing to shake off the yoke of Great Britain and assume a position among the nations of the earth, worthy of the vast territory they occupied.

The revolutionary war came on in due time, which lasted seven long years, as every school boy well knows. Martin grew up during the progress of this eventful war and as thousands of other patriotic young men did, he joined the army, and by his services assisted in establishing the independence of our glorious republic. He was in the battle of Monmouth, and several other engagements of less note.

According to the old record referred to above, we find that John Funk, his first child, was born in 1790. A few words with regard to him may not be out of place. John Funk was a celebrated fifer during the war of 1812. He was conspicuous among us boys of that exciting time as being a leading musician at all our general and company musters. He belonged to Capt. Thomas Morgan's company, and at the general call in 1813 he went to the relief of Fort Meigs. He married a sister of Elijah Glover and raised a numerous family of children. He was always fond of playing on the fife and continued to play for all musters, celebrations, processions and other public occasions almost to the day of his death.

The same old document goes on to say that Mary Funk was born in 1792. Jacob Funk in 1795, and Catherine Funk on the 5th of July, 1798.

There is a tradition in the family that Catherine Funk, who married a Mr. Timmonds and is

the mother of our respected townsman, Martin Timmonds, was born just ten days after they came to this county. If that be the fact, then Martin Funk came to this county on the 25th of June, 1798, and it establishes another fact equally as important, which is that Mrs. Timmonds is the oldest person now living here that was born in Scioto county.

Mr. Funk first settled in Oldtown; as the Indians had once had a settlement there, a large body of land was cleared, ready for cultivation.

How long he lived in Oldtown, does not appear, but must have been 4 or 5 years. After the land office at Chillicothe was opened for the sale of lands east of the Scioto river and Henry Massie had purchased the land where Portsmouth now stands and a section or two adjoining, Mr. Funk, who must have brought considerable money with him, purchased several hundred acres of Massie, and moved on to it. This was probably about the year 1803. He built a log cabin near an excellent spring on his place, and pretty soon started a small distillery. Whisky was an indispensable article in those days, and it was the readiest way to turn a man's corn into cash.

The old Chillicothe road ran close to his house, and he opened a house for the entertainment of travelers. Nearly all the goods that went to Chillicothe at that time were hauled up in wagons, and Funk's was a general stopping place, and he accumulated property very rapidly.

The general or regimental musters were always held on his farm. Mustering was in great vogue in those days—a custom that is now entirely dispensed with, except in time of war. In 1811 the general muster was held on the day of the quarter eclipse

in September. The regiment was dismissed in order to give the men an opportunity to look at the eclipse. That was the first time I ever looked through a smoked glass to see the sun when it was eclipsed.

In July, 1813, a general call was made by Gov. Meigs, for all the militia in this part of the state to turn out and repel the British, who had invaded the state and surrounded Fort Meigs with a large army of British and Indians. Banners were sent to all parts of the county and every man on the muster roll was notified personally to appear at Funk's, armed and equipped as the law directs, to march to the frontiers to meet the enemy.

It was a sight never to be forgotten to see the men from all parts of the country rushing to the place of rendezvous, some on horse back, some on foot, some accompanied by their wives and children, and all filled with enthusiasm, eager to be on the march to meet the enemy.

I will relate what happened to myself on that morning. It will convey some idea of the feelings that animated the men on that occasion. I had started out to get the horses to go to plowing, when I met Robert B. Scott, with his gun on his shoulder, walking rapidly down the road. I had not heard of the call, there being none of our family on the muster roll. When he came opposite to me, he stopped short and says:

"Well, Jimmy, I am on my way to Malden."

"Are you?" said I, "what's up now?"

Said he, "every man in the county is ordered to meet at Funk's to-day, and take up the line of march for Malden."

After making this announcement he made some long strides

towards the place of rendezvous.

Malden was a British fort in Canada, opposite Detroit, which we all expected Hull would take in the beginning of the war. But instead of that he surrendered Detroit; therefore the people of this county became very indignant, and would not be satisfied until Malden was taken. Hence, the enthusiasm of the people at the idea of marching upon Malden.

There were no horses gotten that day nor any plowing done. But the writer of this article fell in with the stream as it flowed toward the place of rendezvous, determined to see all that was going on. By 12 o'clock the men had nearly all arrived, and by 2 o'clock the regiment was organized and ready to take up the line of march. They marched out to the tune of "Mary's Dream"—a slow, solemn, dirge-like air, well suited to so solemn an occasion.

A great many women had accompanied their husbands, in order to see them start. There were but few dry eyes on that occasion. The men marched about two miles that day and encamped. The women and boys returned to their homes.

John Funk, the eldest son of old Martin Funk was one of the principal musicians of that day. He was fifer in Capt. Thomas Morgan's company from Portsmouth. The men were gone a little over a month when they all returned without meeting with any easua being called in to action. I will relate an anecdote connected with their return.

There was a man by the name of Jacob Woodring who had a wife and three or four children. one afternoon his mother, quite an aged lady, came to our house to take tea and talk over the events of the war. My mother,

being better posted about the war than she was, told her that a man had been killed. Old Granny Woodring at once came to the conclusion that it must be her son. She burst into tears and immediately prepared to start home. She had not gone more than fifty yards before my mother saw her son, Jaky, coming. She called to the old lady to dry up her tears, that the dead man had come to life. She turned and met Jaky in front of our house. Tears of joy succeeded tears of sorrow, and the old lady and Jaky went home together, joyfully.

The widow of Jacob Woodring still lives, a very poor old woman. She came to me last summer and wanted me to assist in procuring her a pension. The law granting pensions to the survivors of that war and their widows, required sixty days' service. Those men who were out in the general call only served forty-four days, so she could not get a pension. The old lady still lives, and ought to have a pension.

We were writing a sketch of the life of Martin Funk. This is a digression, but we will resume our sketch. There are but few incidents in the life of a farmer of any interest, or which are worth relating. There are a good many anecdotes in circulation that are told with a good deal of gusto, but as they are not fit to be seen in print, we have to pass them by. I will relate one:

Old Wm. Lawson, whose farm lay adjoining, had some difficulty with old man Funk, and came over to whip the old man. It was early in the morning, before breakfast, when Mr. Lawson called on old Mr. Funk and told him to come out into the yard, he wanted to whip him. Mr. Funk

breakfast, and he would accommodate him with a fight if he insisted on it. So Mr. Funk sat down to the table and ate a hearty breakfast. He then went out and told Mr. Lawson that if nothing but a fight would do him, he was ready. They stripped themselves of all but their pantaloons, as was the custom of that day, and went into it. Mr. Funk soon made Mr. Lawson cry out enough.

While they were putting on their clothes and washing themselves, Mr. Funk says:

"I told you that you had better take some breakfast before commencing a big job. You see now how you come out."

Mr. Funk was reputed a very stout man in his day. It was said that he could take a barrel of whisky by the two ends and lift it to his head and drink out of the bung-hole as easy as another man could drink out of a jug. After the death of his wife his daughter Barbara kept house for him until his death, which occurred in 1838 in the 77th year of his age.

In writing lives of the pioneers of Scioto county, we must not omit that of the females. There were pioneer women as well as men of that day. If the women could not do as much as the men in subduing the wilderness and developing the resources of the country, they worked as hard, suffered as much and endured as much or more hardships than the men. Mrs. Funk was a faithful helpmate to her husband in reducing the wilderness to a state of high cultivation. She soon became noted as a cook and nurse for invalids and sick persons. Portsmouth at that time was a sickly place as well as the valleys of the Ohio and Scioto rivers. Men coming from the more healthy states and stopping in Portsmouth were pretty sure to be taken sick. If not with the bil-

ious or some other malarious, fever and ague never failed them. That was a disease that was never known to be cured, and all the chance a person had was to hold still and keep quiet till it left of itself. It was a common occurrence, under these circumstances for men to go and place themselves under the care and skillful nursing of old mother Funk. A few weeks quiet and care generally restored them to health. The old lady acquired a good deal of notoriety in this direction. It became a common saying in Portsmouth when a man became unwell, "Well, I must go out and stay with mother Funk a few weeks, or I will never get well." She at last fell a victim to the malaria of the climate, and died in 1822, aged 50 years.

Catharine Funk was born on the 5th of July, 1798, just ten days after the family arrived in Oldtown. Therefore she is the oldest person born in Scioto county who is living here now. She married a man by the name of John Timmonds, father of our worthy townsman Martin Timmonds. He was a butcher by occupation, and used to sell meat in a very early day in Portsmouth. At the death of her father she inherited a part of the homestead farm where she lives at present, a hale and hearty old lady. Barbara Funk was probably born in 1801 in Oldtown, too. She has lived on the old home farm ever since her father bought it. She married an Englishman by the name of Joseph Micklethwait, a very worthy man. She has lived longer on one place without changing her residence than any other person in the county. She still occupies the old homestead and enjoys a reasonable degree of health. It is hoped she may long remain among us as a connecting link between the present and a former generation.

HENRY UTT.

It is not known precisely what year or at what time the subject of this sketch built his cabin in this county, but it is believed to be as early as 1796. He was one of the hunters employed by Nathaniel Massie in 1793 to assist in surveying the military district of Ohio. He was in the same company of hunters and surveyors with Duncan McArthur, John McDonald, the two Beasleys, Samuel McDowell and others. Massie not only had a large force of surveyors and hunters, but he had to employ scouts to guard against surprises by the Indians. He assisted Massie in surveying a large portion of the military lands lying between the Scioto and Little Miami rivers. Of course he could select from the best lands lying in the military district. Therefore while in the employ of Massie he located about two hundred acres of the Scioto bottom lands, about two miles above the mouth of Brush-creek. It is not precisely known at what time he built his cabin and moved on to his land, but from tradition it must have been as early as 1796, and we do not hear of Massie surveying after that time.

Mr. Utt was a Pennsylvania Dutchman, and a man of industrious and steady habits. He used to relate something of his early life, which is yet remembered by those who were intimate with him. He used to tell that before he left Pennsylvania he took a notion to get him a wife. There was a girl in the neighborhood with whom he was acquainted, and he concluded to go and see her. When he came to her father's house she happened to be out in the field at work, so he immediately repaired to the

field. When he got there the first object that met his eye was the girl he was in search of, riding one of her father's horses while he held the plow. In this way she was assisting her father to plow; but that, I suppose, was not considered as an objection by young Utt but rather as a recommendation, as he married her, notwithstanding.

One of the hunting stories he used to relate was of so singular a character that I must have it on record. While he was in the service of Mr. Massie as hunter, he was hunting on McCulloch's creek (a tributary of Scioto-Brush creek) and near night he became tired and concluded to lay down and rest himself. It was warm weather, and not requiring any fire he wrapped himself in his blanket and lay down by the side of a log where there were a good many dry leaves, and soon went to sleep. He slept very sound, and did not wake up till the next morning. When he awoke the first discovery that he made was that he was completely covered up with dry leaves. He was a little alarmed at first, knowing that some mischievous fellow was intended for him. He got out of his bed as quick as he could, and held his gun in position to fire if an enemy should be near at hand. He walked off cautiously and concealed himself behind a tree, to see what developments would be made with regard to his careless night's lodging. He had not waited long before he espied an old she panther with her litter of young ones approaching in a very stealthy manner, the place where he had passed the night. She crawled up within jumping distance, and then gave a tremendous spring

and lit on the bed of leaves. No hurricane or whirlwind ever made leaves fly faster than they did there for a few moments. When she discovered that her intended prey had escaped, she looked up quite bewildered and began snuffing the air to see in which way he might have gone. Mr Utt watched her movements closely, and concluded it was time for him to do something. So he drew a bead on the animal's head, and at the crack of his rifle she fell over, dead. He dispatched the young panthers, took off the skin of the old one, and returned to camp with the trophies of his victory.

Dr. Watts had a clear conception of this country when he paraphrased the psalm which says.

Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they;
He bids the oppress'd and poor repair,
And builds them towers and cities there.

It is fighting the Indians first to get possession of the country, then the wild beasts of the forest have to be subdued before the country is in a fit condition for settlement. These involve dangers and difficulties that must be met and overcome or no settlement could be made. After that it takes nearly a lifetime to clear the land, build houses, plant or-

chards and otherwise improve the country to render it fit habitation for civilized man. Mr. Utt, as was said before, built his cabin about the year 1796.

There are few incidents in the life of a farmer worth recording, so we pass over thirty odd years of his life without saying anything except that he cleared up his farm, planted orchards, and made other improvements.

He reared a very respectable family of sons and daughters who in their turn got married and raised families of their own. This was the condition of affairs in 1829 when the Ohio canal was located at this end of the line. Previous to that time there was no sale for produce or land. Corn was dull at 10 cents a bushel, and everything else in proportion. But as soon as they commenced work on the canal a demand for produce immediately sprung up, and money became plenty.

Henry Cox had married Mr. Utt's youngest daughter, Lavisa, and carried on the farm. The old man's wife was dead, and he lived with his daughter and son-in-law, Cox. In 1832 or 3 they sold out the farm and moved to Greene county, Illinois, where the old man in a few years died.

JOHN G. GERVAIS.

We come now to speak of the pioneers of the French Grant, which constitutes a very important part of Seiotto county. We do not intend to give a full history of the Grant, but merely state how it came to be settled by the French.

A bogus company of land

speculators, styled the "Seiotto Land Company" had induced a large colony of French to emigrate to America and settle on lands in the Northwestern Territory, which they pretended to own. In the spring of 1790 about 500 families landed at Alexandria, Virginia. As soon as

they got there they discovered that they had been swindled; that no such company existed or had any land. A good many of them immediately returned to France. Others scattered around into different cities and towns. About one-half resolved to cross the mountains and settle in the wilderness, anyhow.

They accordingly got conveyances, either pack-horses or wagons, and struck the Monongahela at Red Stone. Here they built boats and floated down to the mouth of the Kanawha, where it was said the company's land lay.

The company did not entirely abandon them to their fate, but sent Col. Dever to conduct them to a point four miles below the mouth of the Kanawha river where eighty cabins had been erected for their reception. The company supplied them with provisions and otherwise assisted them in getting a start in their new mode of life. But when they found they could get no title to their land, they became disheartened and many of them left Gallipolis. Some went to Pittsburgh, some to St. Louis, New Orleans, and other places where they could do something to make a living. As a last resort they concluded to petition congress to grant them as much land as would make each of them a good farm. Those who still remained in Gallipolis drew up a petition to congress, stating their grievances as to how they had been swindled by a fictitious company and induced to leave their native country and were now living in a wilderness without any means of support. They placed this petition in the hands of John G. Gervais, a man of ample means and with a heart throbbing with the best impulses for his suffering countryman, who undertook at

his own expense to go to Philadelphia and engage counsel, if necessary, to assist him in getting his petition granted.

The following quotations are from the pen of Lewis Newson, published in the *Ironton Register* in 1855:

"Monseur Gervais, being a well-bred gentleman of fine education and polished manners, found no difficulty in gaining friends to the favorable consideration of the project. He availed himself of the assistance rendered the United States by his countrymen in achieving the independence of this country, the self-sacrificing devotion of General LaFayette to the freedom of America, and the sympathy and good will extended to them by General Washington on a former occasion. He availed himself of an introduction to that functionary and after recounting the whole circumstance relative to the French emigrants and their desire to remain in the United States. Gen. Washington took a warm interest in favor of his mission, and tendered to him a promise of his patronage in recommending it to the favorable consideration of congress. A petition was made out and sent to that body, reminding it of the timely assistance and aid from France in both men and money in the establishment of the independence of this country, without which we might on that day have been colonists still, and mentioning our debt of gratitude, and that it was but paying that debt in making the desired appropriation; which, on being referred to a special committee, received its recommendation for the grant, and in its ceremonial steps passed by a unanimous vote, granting to the French inhabitants a tract of land of 20,000 acres and Mon-

seur" Gervais 4,000 acres in the territory northwest of the Ohio river, beginning one and a half miles on a straight line above the mouth of the little Sandy; thence, down the Ohio river along the course thereof eight miles, when reduced to a straight line; thence, at right angles from each extremity so as to include the quantity of 24,000 acres of land and again in 1793, three years after the first grant, congress granted twelve hundred acres to eight other Frenchmen who were prevented from obtaining their proportion of the land first granted."

Congress had the lands surveyed in 1795 and platted the next year. The remaining French in Gallipolis drew their lots and began preparations to move down and take possession. There were 92 who drew lots in the first grant, containing two hundred and seventeen acres each. But there were eight more yet to draw. Congress granted them one hundred acres a piece, lying immediately below the old grant and running down nearly to the mouth of Pine creek. Of these one hundred who drew lots only about twenty ever settled on their lots. The most of them remained in Gallipolis or moved off to other places. Of those who did move on to their lots, I now propose to give some account. Prominent among these is John G. Gervais, whose name stands at the head of this article.

Congress gave to him 4,000 acres in consideration of his services in obtaining the grant, and to remunerate him for land which he had paid for and never got. On the 21st of March, 1797, he, in company with four others, landed in the grant and immediately commenced work on their respective lots.

Mon. Gervais was not a laboring man, neither was he a married man. Tradition is silent as to what improvements he made, or how he employed his time. But he laid out a town opposite the mouth of little Sandy, and named it Burrsburgh. I suppose that was out of respect to Aaron Burr, who at that time was scheming to establish a western empire, taken partly from the United States and partly from the Spanish possessions. But his scheme was a failure, and so was Burrsburgh in the French Grant. When Mons. Gervais discovered that his town was a failure, (there never being more than five or six cabins in it), and there was nothing for him to do but go to work for a living and improve his land, he became discouraged and concluded to give it up. He was a man possessed of considerable wealth in France; had been well educated; was refined in his manners; had associated with the best society in Paris; was a good dancer, and fond of all kinds of fashionable amusement; had a fine ear for music, and was a gentleman in all his intercourse with society; he passed twenty of the best years of his life trying to establish a French colony in America, and now when he had nothing left but his four thousand acres of land, which was entirely unproductive without labor, he became disgusted with the whole thing, and resolved to sell out and return to France.

In the year 1810 a company from Haverhill, New Hampshire, of whom Asa Boynton was at the head, proposed to buy Mons. Gervais out. The price was agreed upon, and the land transferred. The cash was paid, which amounted to a very considerable sum, and Mons. Gervais bade adieu to America for

Ver. In some future article I will have something to say of Asa Boynton and others who came to his county about this same

time. But at present we are dealing only with those who came here prior to the year 1800.

GUILLAUME DUDUIT.

Monsieur Guillaume Duduit was another French settler of the Grant who lived there during forty of the most active years of his life. He came down river. Grantin the fall of 1796 and built a cabin and made other preparations to take possession of his lot. On the 21st of March, 1797, five families landed in the Grant and commenced work on their respective lots, viz: Duduit, Bertram, Gervais, Lacroix and Dutiel.

Duduit was a hard worker and went immediately to clearing his land and farming. It is altogether probable that he raised a very considerable crop of corn and other vegetables that year. If so, he can claim to be among the first successful farmers of Scioto county.

His parents were wealthy. They lived about seven leagues from Paris, and were engaged in agriculture. He was born in the year 1770. His father died when he was quite small. His education was very limited, being sent to school where the teachers were wholly incompetent to teach.

He early learned the trade of a silver-smith, and lived in Paris. In 1789, he joined the revolutionary party under La Fayette, and was at the storming and taking of the Bastille. This was the first act in the great drama of the French revolution, which proved so bloody in its results. However, Mons. Duduit escaped the

horrors of that revolution by marrying a young wife and embarking for America in the colony of French emigrants who were to settle in the wilderness of Ohio.

It is not necessary to speak here of the trials and difficulties they had to undergo in reaching their new home in the west. They arrived at Gallipolis in the year 1790, and young Duduit comprehended at once the whole situation. He saw they had been deceived, and without extraordinary exertions on their part they must suffer for the necessities of life. Their main dependence for support was on the wild game of the woods.

Young Duduit, as if by instinct, took as naturally to the woods as a young duck does to the water. He soon became an expert hunter and an excellent woodsman—two qualifications almost absolutely necessary to the success of the pioneer. The Indian was raging at that time.

Col. Sproat, who commanded the military post at Marietta, appointed four spies and scouts for the protection of Gallipolis—two French and two Americans. Duduit was one of the Frenchmen. He, in company with Major Robert Safford scoured the country between Marietta and the mouth of the Scioto. Through their vigilance and timely notice of the approach of hostile Indians, Gallipolis was saved from

any depredations of any great consequence.

One time, while out hunting in the night, his dogs chased something up a tree. He waited for the moon to shine out bright in order to see how to shoot. As soon as he got fair sight of the animal which appeared to be in the act of springing at him, he fired, and brought down a large panther, shot through the heart. One time he was out hunting in company with some other Frenchmen. They were very cautious for fear they might fall into an ambuscade of Indians. As they were passing along a hill-side, Duduit was behind the others. A deer came within range of his rifle, which he fired at and killed. The French, supposing they were fired on by Indians, fled in every direction as fast as their legs could carry them. Duduit hung up his deer as quick as he could, and hastened back to the village. When he got there, he found them in a terrible panic. The others had returned and reported that they had been fired on by Indians, and that Duduit was killed.

He soon relieved them of their fears as to Indians, and for them to go to where they had heard the firing, and they would find a fat buck hung up.

Duduit was among the first to come to the Grant. He was a hard worker, and unlike Mons. Gervais went immediately to clearing up his land and farming. In a few years he had fine orchards, the peach trees being very productive. He had a small distillery, for the purpose of distilling his own grain and fruit. His farm was next below Valodin's about a mile below Haverhill.

Madame Agnes Duduit died July 11, 1811. Her education

was refined, being from an aristocratic family. She was mother of 13 children, of whom three died infants. The others were, according to their age, Agnes, born at Alexandria, soon after they landed; Caroline, Virginie, William, Oyet, Fanny, Frederic, John and Desot who was born at the death of his mother.

M. Duduit remained single six years, and on July 3, 1817, he married M^{lle} Faire Lacroix in her 17th year, and he in his 47th year.

M. Duduit was out in the war of 1812. While at Sandusky he was recognized by an Indian who said that he had seen him while he was a spy, and that he could easily have killed him, but he was afraid of his dog, which Duduit constantly had with him. And if he should kill the dog he was afraid of Duduit.

The children of the second consort of Mons. Duduit were eighteen number. Mary Catharine, born April 14, 1818; Emily, Eliza, Adaline, Francis Edward, Nancy Maria, Andrew Lacroix and Louis, born November 23, 1834, making seventeen living children in all—doing pretty well for one man toward populating a new country.

Mons. Duduit died suddenly April 5, 1836, being 66 years of age. The cause of it is related to have been a spasm of suffocation. It happened in the night. He had been employed the day before in the barn at a kind of work in which he was forced to inhale an atmosphere full of vegetable dust.

He was a believer in the Christian religion, though he never belonged to any Protestant church.

His industry made him respected, and obtained for him good property. After the death

of Mons. Valodine he obtained his home farm and the fine buildings thereunto appertaining, in which he lived at the time of his death.

He was a great hunter, a good farmer, an affectionate husband, a kind father and an honest man.

:WILLIAM DUDUIT, JR.

William Duduit, Jr., was born November 10, 1800, consequently he is the oldest man now living in the county who was born here. He was born in the French Grant of French parents, at a time when the chances to receive an education were very slim. But his mother, being a woman well educated in the French language, he received from her the rudiments of a French education. But as French was not the language of the country, it was necessary that he should be taught English. However, teachers were employed and small schools established, in which all the children of the settlers could learn to read and write. The emigrants to this country were generally well educated and some of them possessed talents of a high order; but their children did not possess the advantages of a school education, and had to grow up with little else than their good common sense to carry them through life. These deficiencies are now amply compensated for by the establishment of free schools all over the state, so that every child can now receive not only a common school education but by a little exertion may obtain even a classical education. But these advantages did not exist when the past generation was coming on to the stage in this country.

Although the elder Duduit

died quite wealthy, yet when it came to be divided between a large number of heirs, the portion of each was quite small.

He married Lucy Flanders in 1826, and continued to follow farming and working at the coopering business, until the discovery of gold in 1849. This created an immense excitement all over the country and spread like a mania until nearly every person was more or less affected by it. Mr. Duduit, like thousands of others, sold off his property and prepared to start to the land of gold. He was getting too old to stand the fatigue and hardships attendant upon a trip to California at that time. But the chances of making a great fortune seemed too good to throw away so he sold off his property, and with the proceeds made the trip to California. His venture, like thousands of others, proved unfortunate. He lost not only his property, but sacrificed his health in the vain pursuit of sudden wealth. He returned home broken in health and fortune. He purchased a house and lot in Wheelersburgh, where he still lives. His failing health soon began to tell on him, so that it was difficult for him to make a living. His eye sight failed him so that he could hardly see to work. In 1870 he was paralyzed to such a degree that he was rendered helpless.

He is now in his 74th year—blind, paralyzed and helpless. He only has the use of his left hand. He is a man of unsullied reputation; always industrious, and, up to the time of his going

to California had considerable property. He inherited a large share of his father's indomitable energy and perseverance, and resembles his father very much in his personal appearance.

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FRANCIS VALODIN.

We come now to speak of one whose history was a little different from the other French who settled in the Grant.

Francis Valodin was born in France in the year 1765, but in what place is unknown. He was wholly uneducated, and appeared to have no particular business to follow and no property. When the colony of emigrants was preparing to sail for America, Valodin determined to go with them. Although he had nothing to invest in the enterprise and no money to pay his passage, yet he concluded that where other Frenchmen could live he would not die. When the ship that brought the colonists over was about to sail, during the bustle and confusion of getting under way he managed to secrete himself in the ship's hold among the baggage, and kept himself concealed until the ship had been several days at sea. In every emigrant ship that crosses the ocean there are always a few who secure a free passage in this way. It is not like inland travel on railroads and steamboats, where as soon as they discover a man who cannot pay his passage they stop at the first landing and put him off. Not so at sea. If a man once gets fairly started they have to bring him on. So when Mons. Valodin starved out he had to

make himself known to the officers of the ship. Of course they could do nothing but fetch him on.

When they landed at Alexandria, Virginia, the captain of the ship, as was customary in those days, sold him to a hotel proprietor for one year to pay for his passage. After he had worked the year agreed upon for his passage he found himself left behind. However, nothing daunted he followed on, and overtook the main body of the French at Gallipolis. He was determined to unite his destinies with theirs, and take his chances with them. When they drew lots in the Grant, M. Valodin drew a lot as well as the rest. Perhaps he was not legally entitled to one, as he had lost nothing and paid nothing for his passage over, and did not belong to the company at all. But as he was a Frenchman, and there among them, he drew his lot as well as the rest. It is not known what year he came to the Grant, but he was among the first to commence work on his lot.

Mons. Valodin's first consort was a French lady, married about the year 1800, in her 20th year, and the 35th of his own age. Her parents resided in New Madrid, Missouri, and were...

wealthy. Mad. Gabriello Valod-
din lived but four years.

His second wife's name was Nancy Slater. She was not French, and lived until seven years before the death of her husband. Of the children, the names and order of age are as follows: By his first wife, Francis and Agate. By the second, Adell, Dupot, Alexandre, Oyet, Jerome, Hester, Dennis and Henry. M. Valodín was a kind father, took much pride in his children, and was at much expense to educate them. He sent some to New Madrid for this purpose. Though he could neither read nor write himself, yet he appreciated a liberal education, and he therefore spared no pains to obtain such for his children. He appeared to have had correct ideas about boarding schools, for observing one of his sons on return from school give particular attention to his toilet, he exclaimed, humorously:

"Hem! Sacre Dieu; no use to send D—— to school any more, got gal in de head."

In mental parts, he was like most of us mortals. He loved his friends, but he didn't love his enemies. He was engaged in harvesting once, and as cradles were in those days a rare article, it was usual to borrow and lend. M. V. had a full share of this agricultural luxury. He was harvesting, and one Bob Hood came to borrow a cradle in the fore part of the day, and assisted some, gratis. Mons. V. said he could not spare the cradle; dinner was soon announced; Bob was invited to partake, but excused himself by saying that he was not hungry, but would wait till they came out to work again. But when they returned Bob was missing, and, so was the cradle. This was too much for the brave

little Frenchman. He siezed his gun, mounted his horse, and in a few moments was driving full speed in pursuit of his missing cradle. When Bob found he was pursued, not liking to encounter an enraged Frenchman with a gun in his hand, dropped the cradle and took to the bushes.

Mons. Valodin recovered his cradle, but lost the thief.

Mons. Valodin usually kept a large cellar well stored with choice liquors, and retailed it at a large profit to daily customers. He had a fine cask of very old peach brandy which he opened once a year, but without tasting a drop, saying that this he was keeping for the occasion of the wedding of his oldest son; and, when said occasion did arrive, said liquor sparkled in many a glass, and made many eyes to sparkle. These were jolly times, and perhaps the pleasure enjoyed in those days of primitive simplicity, were equal to the more refined pleasures of the present day.

It was a common saying of Mons. Valodin that he would return to France before he died and hoped that he should either die while in France, or in crossing or returning; for he did not wish to be buried in the yellow, barren soil where he lived.

In drinking, Valodin was prudent about taking too much; but, as with them all, he was fond of the bowl, and there were very jolly times at the Valodin mansion when a holiday was to be celebrated, or when a few Frenchmen chanced there to meet—and they met there often.

Card playing was an amusement with Mons. V. and it proved to be a dear one to him. He was at a public house in Grenup once, and the gaming and drinking was prolonged to a late hour.

He finally started for his skill in order to cross over home. The night was dark, and in passing along the bluff bank he stumbled and fell over the bank. He was soon found and taken care of, but he must go over home that night. At first he did not seem to be injured, but it soon became evident that he could not live. When apprised of this he manifested much anxiety to see his son, but before his son could come he was dead. This took place August 8, 1826, in the 61st year of his age. His first con-

sort, Gabrielle, died September 10, 1804, in her 24th year. His second wife, Nancy, died December 31, 1825.

These dates are from the tombstones on the homestead farm.

In the life of Mons. Valodin there is much of romance. He had an iron will and ceaseless perseverance, thus, without anything like book learning he was successful in all his undertakings.

His estate was divided equally among his children, giving to each a fair start in life.

FRANCIS VALODIN JR.

Was born about the year 1802, consequently his chances for an education were very slim. But his father, feeling the need of an education himself, took extraordinary pains to have his children educated.

We know very little of Frank's early life. His mother died when he was yet an infant, and he was raised by a step-mother. He was married, in 1825, to Temperance Burt, daughter of Samuel B. Burt. His father dying a short time after his marriage, he came into possession of his portion of his father's estate.

His father-in-law, Sam'l Burt, owned a grist and saw mill on Little Scioto, where the LaFayette Mills now stand.

Rolling mills were not much in

vogue at that time, but the most of the bar iron used by blacksmiths was drawn out under the hammer of a forge. So Mr. Burt being in possession of a good water power, and Frank Valodin having plenty of cash capital, they concluded to build a forge. The forge was built in 1826, and continued to run for several years. But either through mismanagement or some other cause the proprietors ran in debt, and finally broke up.

Major Burt removed to Illinois and went to farming.

Frank Valodin took his family down to New Madrid among his mother's relations, became dissipated in his habits and died very poor, leaving his family in a very destitute condition.

AGATE VALODIN.

The daughter of Mons. Valodin's first wife married Manassa Lawson, and lived on a part of the old Lawson farm, about a mile and a half from Portsmouth. She raised a large and respectable family of children. She died only a few years ago, at an advanced age.

It was said a short time before her death that some distant relation had died and left to her and Frank's children a large amount of money.

The family of Mons. Valodin has been scattered, and the name has become almost extinct.

JEAN BAPTISTE BERTRAND.

Mons. Bertrand was born in the Province of Champaign, France, east of Paris. His father was quite wealthy, but dying early, his two children, with his estate, were intrusted to the care of his brothers; the children received but little benefit from their father's wealth. He spent part of his youth as sexton of a cathedral, the ringing of whose bells he relates to have injured his hearing. He was also coachman some time, and acquired here his habit of early rising. He, like some other of the French of the Grant, had a good education for the times. As to the means by which it was obtained it is not certainly known. But as most of the public instruction in France was in the hands of the clergy it is probable that he was indebted to the Roman church for his mental training. He was not only ready in the more common French branches, but was a good Latin scholar, and read it through life nearly as readily as French.

In 1788-89, the American mania raged in Paris and vicinity with great fury, and many were its victims. We now find Mons.

Bertrand 27 years old, unmarried, with no premanent possessions in France, and why is it strange that his lively temperament should have been excited by the lively picture of the "Paradise in the West," and that it should have deceived and ensnared him with many others? In 1791, we find him with the French at Gallipolis, reaping all the bitter fruit of credulity; instead of their anticipated "cleared and settled" country, they found a gloomy wilderness teeming with savages; for "delicious, spontaneous fruits" they experienced a scarcity of the coarsest necessities of life. Well might they lament the sunny sky and delicious wines and fruits of their own dear native land, when contrasted with this back woods wilderness.

Mons. B. was occupied some time during his sojourn at Gallipolis as miller in a mill near the village. An event took place while he was here that he often related: Being necessarily absent one day on business, he procured a substitute for his place in the mill. On that very day the Indians made a hostile incursion and killed Bertrand's substitute.

He ever regarded this as a providential escape from death, but greatly did she mourn the loss of his friend. The body of the Frenchman was found some days after in the bushel below the mill, scalped and horribly mangled.

M. Bertrand was one of the few Frenchmen who availed themselves of the munificence of congress in granting them land. His original lot was that now occupied by J. S. Folsom, at Junior Landing; but he exchanged this for the 6th one above, for two reasons; the one that he might be nearer the other settlers; the other, that he might build a mill on Genat's creek, which ran through this lot, much to its injury. The mill never was built. Still a single man, he struggled with the giants of the forest, clearing out a spot for his future home. And great were his difficulties and vexations here, for poorly was one reared in an old and populous country fitted for American backwoods life. After clearing a few acres and erecting a cabin, he was about 40 years of age, re-visited Gallipolis, and soon returned to occupy his new home accompanied by a young and charming spouse, who had come over with his relatives, when quite a little child, in the same ship with himself. It is related that Madam Bertrand had a very wealthy aunt with whom she had lived, and that said aunt dying in St. Louis had willed all her property to the Romish priesthood, instead of to the niece. This pair lived happily together until January 11, 1827, when death removed Madam Bertrand. The family when complete just filled the number of the Muses, and perhaps THEY never were more concordant than the several members of his

family. Of the seven children the names and order of their age are as follows: John, born in 1804; Sofie, Julie, Felicite, Henry, Reizaly and William, all of whom attained mature years and became useful members of society. John, Felicite and William, comparatively, recently died.

Henry is a farmer in Southern Illinois, and the other three reside in the "Grant."

About the year 1811, Mons. Bertrand erected a two story brick house, which stands to this day in a good state of preservation, and is likely to stand yet as long as the majority of our now-a-day structures do. With the masons on the house the older children learned their first notions of English.

The good qualities which go to make THE MAN were very abundant in Mons. B. He was a good and affectionate father, as an anecdote related by one who knows as well as any one living, will abundantly show. M. B. required all his children to learn and say their prayers according to the Roman ritual. This they readily did, while small, but as the one in question approached manhood, he "couldn't see any use in saying his prayers so often," and therefore presumed to neglect this plainest of duties. This was too much for the good nature of Monsieur, wherefore he chastised his son for once, severely; this was the first and last whipping which he ever gave any of his children. Thenceforth the prayers were regularly said.

M. Bertrand was very industrious. His farm was soon covered with productive apple and peach trees, which later fruit seems, from some hidden cause, to have flourished in those days much better than now; the ground would be so deeply cov-

ered with them that they might easily be gathered with a shovel. But what must be done with such abundance of fruit? It would insult providence to allow it to go to waste! This is soon found out. They must be distilled and their good qualities put into a form adapted for preservation. Accordingly, we find the French early engaged during the autumn and part of the winter in distilling apple and peach brandy. In those days money was scarce, and brandy was, of all articles the farmer could take to market, the most saleable and easily turned into cash. M. Bertrand was very fond of this business, and was accustomed to sell yearly a large quantity of apple and peach brandy in Greenupsburg. This was a laborious business till a late day, after most had thrown it aside.

This brings up another topic. They did not sell all their brandy but usually kept a fine iron-bound cask in one corner of the cellar well filled with the purest and most sparkling nine-years-old peach; from which cask daily was replenished a large glass flask which usually sat on the side board ready to welcome any visitor, and handy for them all, after each meal. This latter was to promote digestion! A guest never composed himself until he had partaken of a sparkling glass of the "best peach." The mornings were foggy and damp in those days, and we presume the morning and evening bitters were beneficial in warding off fever, ague, etc. But this is not modern logic.

The social faculty was well developed in Mons. B. He greeted his friends always with a low bow and hearty laugh. He always bore a smiling countenance.—The French were accustomed to

meet frequently evenings and sip the social cup. Many a night a jolly half dozen Frenchmen have met, laughed, joked and drank at Mons. Bertrand's till the twilight of morn dispersed them. This was much to the annoyance of the younger members of the family, who in vain were trying to enjoy Somnus, having no taste for such amusements.

Mons. B. was never fond of fishing and the chase, but preferred the most useful amusement of gardening, in which he greatly excelled. He had, perhaps, for many years, the best garden in the grant. When he became infirm his out-door work was confined to the garden. And then from the dawn of day till 9 or 10 o'clock he was busy, making with his instruments the same regular stroke. During the warm part of the day he would read some of his favorite books seated in the same garden under the refreshing shade of some large tree of his own planting.

Throughout life he was a great reader. In his library there were, besides a large lot of Catholic devotional books, such works as *Telemachus*, *Gil Blass*, *Virgil*, *Rousseau's poetry*, various works of *Voltaire*, etc.

There is one thing strange in Mons. Bertrand's history. Although he lived in America 65 years, he never learned to speak English. But why? As related above it is supposed that ringing the church bell injured his hearing, at least his power of hearing was quite poor most of his life. One more reason might be given: they did not associate with Americans much, and French only was spoken in the family.

Mons. B. is a subject of much interest to many as the last survivor of the grant. He owed his longevity to temperate habits

and regular exercise. He was a very early riser; he drank moderately; was very active, regular and temperate in work. Of his morals much might be said, but we must close this sketch.

In religion, he was a conscientious Catholic; was very careful in observing all the ordinances of the church, especially the fasts, until he was so old as to forget the days on which they occurred. He never retired without saying the usual prayer. As he grew old his appetite for ardent spirits gradually failed, and the last years of his life he drank scarcely any. His decease was hastened perhaps by a cold, which he could not get rid of. His mind was sane to the last breath. His lips moved fast with words of prayer. He walked about six weeks before death.

Thus has passed away the last of the original French of Southern Ohio. There was much in his character worthy of imitation. His industry and perseverance insured success in every pursuit; his honesty, the confidence of all; his activity and temperance, good health and long life; to his morals no one could take exceptions.

On the first of January, 1826, there was a grand ball at the house of Mons. Bertrand, to which all the country for several miles around was invited. The ball was the grand affair for that period. The four daughters of M. Bertrand acquitted themselves in a very creditable manner in doing the honors of the occasion. The usual course pursued at a country ball in those days was for the company to commence gathering a little before night, so as to put the horses in the stable and feed them (everybody rode

on horseback in those days). The men to take off their boots and overcoats, and prepare for dancing. The women likewise to prepare for the ball room. By the time it was fairly dark, dancing commenced. It was kept up without much intermission, for two or three hours, when supper was announced. Dancing had to be suspended to make room for the supper table. Houses were not large in those days, and one room had to answer for various purposes. Supper occupied an hour or two when the table was removed, dancing recommenced, and was kept up with but little intermission till daylight. Then preparations were made to disperse and return home. While the young men were saddling their horses, Mons. Bertrand was out with a bottle of his oldest and best peach brandy and insisting on every man taking another drink before starting.

The old man was very small, not being over four feet and a half high. He was stepping around among the men and horses, talking French in a very animated manner, and gesticulating so that we began to conclude something was wrong and to feel uneasy about it. We called John Bertrand, his son, and asked him to explain what the old man was talking about. John laughed and said there was nothing wrong, the old man wanted to know if we were all satisfied. If there was anything more that he could do for us. We told John to tell the old man that we were all satisfied and well pleased with our entertainment. So when we were all mounted, each man with his partner on the horse behind him, took the road for our several houses.

Mons. Maldon drew the lot above Giant's creek, now called the Rankin farm, and settled on it. It was his fortune to live but a short time in the Grant. While fishing at the mouth of Giant's creek, he fell from his canoe and was drowned. He was a married man, and had a daughter who was married to a man named Perot, who lived on the farm after the death of Maldon.

Mons. Charpentier was another of the old settlers. His lot was the first below Ginat's farm. He was a large, rough man, with little vigor of mind. He lived by himself in a miserable hovel, and bore the reputation of exceeding laziness. While at his neighbor's, lodging, it was a task to rouse him in time for breakfast. For many years his name was current as a symbol of laziness. In 1816 he married, but enjoyed this condition only a short time. He sold his farm to M. Valodin on condition of a small annual payment during the residue of his life. While he was cutting a tree on or near Hale's creek, the tree which he was cutting fell upon him, crushing him to death. This, no doubt, was owing to his awkwardness, for in a great degree all the French were poor users of the ax. They, in felling a tree, usually hacked it entirely around, just as the beavers gnaw down saplings, and when it started to fall, they "took to their heels" without observing the direction the tree was about to fall in, and it was likely they would run in the way the tree was falling. Perhaps this was Charpentier's case. His death took place soon after he bargained his lot to Valodin;

hence, Valodin obtained it for a mere trifle.

Mons. Petro Serot was carried off by the fever soon after his arrival at Gallipolis. He had gone to sea at the age of eleven, and continued there until he arrived with the French immigrants at Alexandria, D. C. He had been promoted, and when he left the sea he was second commander of the vessel. In 1790, at Alexandria, he married Mary Catharine Avaline. It was after a courtship of five days. He had become tired of the sea and wished to abandon it. He frequently during the voyage had noticed his future wife, but until the landing he had not made to her his addresses.

Her parents lived at Picardy. Her father was married three times. By his first wife he had been blessed with the goodly number of 17 children; by the second with three, and by the third with three, making 23. Of the 17 only two were boys. She was educated well, could read Latin as easily as French, was expert in mental arithmetic, and was a worker in embroidery and lace. She, while in Paris, had bought 120 acres of land which were to fall just below the Scioto, at Alexandria. For it she paid 120 French crowns. She had come over with her sister, afterwards Madame Naylor. Mr. Naylor was a seaman and was commissioned May 11, 1798, by John Adams, at second lieutenant of the ship Ganges.

One cause of the above hasty courtship was the disappointment of the bright expectations of the French, and Mille. Avaline found

herself entirely helpless and with little money in this dreary wild.

At Gallipolis Mons. and Madam Serot were very industrious and by the work of their own hands they not only supported themselves and family, but saved enough each year to buy a town lot. They were the parents of four children: Mary, born June, 1791; Leonard, John, and Peter, born October 5, 1796. Had necessity forced her to remain but a short time a widow after M. Serot's death, which happened September 30, 1796, just six days antecedent to the birth of his youngest son, Peter. He was hastened away after a residence of but six years in Gallipolis, and was buried in the public square at Gallipolis, near some shade trees planted by Mons. Bureau, and which are now growing finely. His children all live but Leonard, who died of cholera at Smithland, Ky., October 25, 1832. Mary (Marshall), and John live in Scioto county, Ohio, and Peter in Schuyler, Ill. An interval of but 4 months and 13 days intervened between the death of Serot and Madam Serot's marriage to Andrew Lacroix.

Mons. Cadot was one of the many Frenchmen who were hastened to the grave, a short time after landing in the new world, by that fatal bilious fever. It arose, no doubt, from the miasma generated by the luxuriant vegetation which lay in the pools of water collected about two hundred yards from the river bend, on the level grounds, and which the heat of the sun made to decompose very rapidly. A little more than five years had passed, and M. Cadot was numbered with the dead. I am informed that he was the first person buried in ground now occupied by the

cemetery at Gallipolis. He had some education, and was an honorable man.

His children all survive. They are, Marie Louise, Claudius, and Lemuel. There is one fact here worthy to be remembered, that the above Marie Louise was the first child born in Gallipolis January 28, 1791, about three months after the French arrived there. She was married to M. La Clercq in the autumn of 1809, and still lives at Gallipolis, a widow. The two sons, Claudius and Lemuel, are farmers in Scioto county.

Monsieur Charles Francis Dutiel was born June 6, 1765. He was of a moderate education, had been a farmer in France, and was therefore better suited to the wilderness than many others. At Gallipolis he was a laborer, possessed town lots, made garden, etc.

M. Dutiel was the only Frenchman of Gallipolis that ever killed a buffalo (Duduit and Lacroix killed them at the Grant.) He was out hunting, and came across a herd, and not expecting to kill one or aiming at any one in particular, he fired, and a large buffalo fell dead. So elated was he that without stopping to examine his prize, he ran as fast as he could to the town, and all, male and female, started for the spot. Before he got back nearly all the people of the town were there, so great was the exultation over this feat of a Frenchman, although it was almost a daily affair for the New Englanders to kill these beasts.

On another occasion Dutiel was hunting with a brother Frenchman. While out it rained severely, and the creek which runs back of Gallipolis and empties into the Ohio just below, was so swollen as to prevent their cross-

ing at the usual place. They went up the creek to find a crossing place, and soon discovered some Indians, only a few hundred yards off, who gave them chase. The Frenchmen separated, and leaped into the pawpaw bushes, one going up and Duteil going down, leaping from thicket to thicket with all the energy which danger of life will give, until he reached the Ohio just below the creek. Here he was hemmed in by two bodies of water which kept him from town and from Virginia, and the Indians not far behind him. He pushed a log, which lay near by, into the water, which had dry limbs standing out from it, on which he put his gun to keep it dry, and leaped into the river behind the log. Swimming with all his power, a volley of bullets soon fell around his head into the water. Turning the log quartering up stream he kept his eyes on the Indians, who fired on him as fast as they could load, and as he would see the smoke dipped his head under the water, and thus avoided the ball; and finally reached the Virginia shore safely, with his gun dry. He went up opposite town, where he attracted attention, and was taken over the river by his friends. His companion was also saved.

Three months after the death of Mr. Cadot, Monsieur Duteil and Madame Cadot were united in holy wedlock. Other cases of as quick marriage as this after the death of one party occurred. It was necessity, that inexorable binder of all necks, that caused it. What was a lady, brought up perhaps without learning to soiled her hands at work, and surrounded with three needy infants, to do in this wilderness of America, where men were scarce-

ly safe from the hatchet of the savage? They went to the Grant in December, 1797. Their passage was performed in a flat boat in which, besides their household chattels, they had a yoke of oxen and a cow. Mons Bureau was along with them on this occasion. When they landed at the farm, which was below Dr. Duffigney's, some two miles below Franklin Furnace, now owned by Francis Andre, a son-in-law of Duteil, they found that previously erected cabin was not large enough, wherefore they took the boat to pieces, and thus made a good use of the lumber in it by way of building an additional house. M. Duteil planted an orchard as soon as he cleared some land, but in burning the brush off the land the fire became general and destroyed his young orchard.

While in the Grant he was an enterprising, industrious, and respected farmer. Their family included six children, as follows. Pierre, born February 11, 1798, Francis, Jean, (John), Virginie, Louis and Sophie, born October 9th, 1809.

On the 10th of July, 1812, this happy family was heart broken by the death of a faithful consort and a good mother. After this, Mons. Duteil lived nine years in the Grant with his children and step-children, but longed to be among his old French companions in Gallipoli. He therefore in 1821 went there and took up his residence with Mons. La Clercq, the husband of his step-daughter. M. Duteil's family continued to keep house on the home farm in the Grant. He was 56 years old on returning to Gallipolis. His occupation consisted in the culture of a vineyard of Mons. La

Clereq's, and in making garden. He also read much.

He thus lived, and continued to spend the shade of life for 28 years, in the family of his step-daughter, and delighted in the society of the surviving French settlers. Thus he lived to the patriarchal age of 84, when his theatre of action was changed by his death, which occurred November 1. 1849. About the 13th of October previous, as he was sitting at the table, he was struck with palsy very severely, entirely disabling one side of his body. After this he lingered 18 days, in full possession of his reason. He had been subjected to little sickness during his life.

In politics, M. Dutiel was a Whig.

At the decline of life he was somewhat deaf. His sepulchre is in a beautiful spot in the Gallipolis cemetery beneath the cooling shade of a weeping willow. He was an honest and good man.

Speaking of M. Dutiel's honesty brings to mind an anecdote I often heard in my younger days. He was among the first to have grain to sell, and as the country

filled up with new-comers there was a greater demand for grain. M. Dutiel got a half-bushel measure a little larger than the law required. He went on to sell grain by his new half-bushel. Some of his neighbors called his attention to the circumstance of his half-bushel being too large, and that he was giving more grain than was necessary for a bushel. Well, he said, he knew it, but he would rather give too much than too little, and he would not have it changed. This fact becoming known throughout the country, the result was that he always sold out his surplus grain long before his neighbors could sell a bushel. The first settlers of a new country have a decided advantage over those who come in afterward. They get their farms cleared up first, and there is always a good home market for everything that can be raised in the first settlement of a country has been filled up. At first there are more buyers than sellers, but when they all come to be sellers they have to seek a foreign market for their surplus produce.

PETRE RUISHOND.

The first settlers of Scioto county were not all industrious and enterprising. Some of them were as trifling, shiftless and good for nothing as any that could be found in the older settled parts of the country. Mons. Ruishond was one of this class among the French. It is a mystery how he ever came to have energy enough to leave the old country, cross the ocean, and

work his way out to the wilderness of Ohio. But I suppose he fell in with the stream, and when he got under way could not turn back. He drew a lot in the N. E. corner of the Grant near the mills formerly owned by Samuel Barber. It is not now known whether he had much learning or not, or whether he was deeply versed in the mysteries of the starry heavens. But he profess-

ed to be a great astrologer, and spent a large portion of his time in gazing at the stars and predicting future events, particularly as to the changes of the weather.

It was proposed at an early day to make a dam across Lick run for the purpose of erecting a mill for the benefit of the neighborhood. They appointed a certain Saturday for all the neighbors to meet and build the dam. "Big Pete," as he was commonly called, said "no; it will rain on that day." Sure enough, it did rain on that day, as he predicted. No almanac maker could have lived there after that.

He was the laziest man in the world. He was never married, and many amusing stories are told about his attempts at courting. It was said that he went to see Marie Louise Cadot, who afterwards married Mons. La Clercq, of Gallipolis. But he was too bashful to say anything to her. He would sit all day and look at her, but never a word would he say.

He was large, clumsy, big boned, and generally—like Diogenes—miserably attired. He cleared just land enough to raise a little corn and beans, potatoes, and a few other vegetables just sufficient to keep him alive. For weeks he would live on beans, which he boiled about once a week in large quantities in his only large kettle, to save kindling a fire often and thus save his wood.

He caught what game he could. As turkeys were plenty then, they could be caught in a pen, thus: A four square was made of rails, about four feet high, and covered with rails. A trench was dug under one of the sides, about eighteen inches deep where

it passed under the pen, and about a foot wide. In this trench corn was scattered from the outside along the bottom to the inside of the pen. The trench was dug so that the deepest part was under the side of the pen and gradually got shallow to the middle, where it was level with the top of the ground. A board was laid across the trench on the inside so that the turkeys could run around the inside of the pen without falling into the ditch. I have known a half a dozen turkeys at a time run around a pen for half a day without finding the way out.

Pete tried to pass off for an almanac maker, but as he had no books or instruments he could do but little in that direction except foretell the changes of the weather.

After he had lived many years alone his cabin caught fire and burned down, despite Pete's throwing much snow on it. He was entirely too lazy to build another cabin. He was getting old and it might get burned again, so he resolved to try some other method. He had 217 acres of pretty good land, and he concluded his land ought to keep him as long as he lived. He accordingly made a bargain with a Mr. Bradshaw to keep him as long as he lived and take the land. Mr. Bradshaw sold his contract to a Mr. Cook. Pete lived with Cook awhile, but some disagreement arising between them, Pete left Cook's. He then contracted with Joseph Bouser to take care of him till he died, and take the land for his pay. He lived with Bouser till his death, which took place in 1823. After he died, Cook claimed the land, as not having forfeited it on his part. Bouser had possession, and would not give it up. They went to law

about it, but as neither of them had a clear title they compromised the case and divided the land between them.

MONS. GINAT.

Mons. Ginat was one also of the French settlers of the Grant, and his lot was that now owned by W. Power, and through the front of which Ginat's creek—named from Mons. G.—empties into the Ohio. He settled and built at the mouth of the creek, and married a Miss Smith, an American. His family consisted of five—himself and wife, and three daughters, Cynthia, Elizabeth and Emily. His wife died early, and he then went to boating, and boiled salt on the Kanawha. Boating in those days was quite different from now-a-days. It was done in keel boats—a craft the hull of which was much like modern canal boats, but much lighter and generally smaller.—Larger keel boats were manned by about 20 hands. In early times it was the custom and business of some men to make a trip from Pittsburg to New Orleans each year. They went down "under oars" and with a half dozen or so pairs worked by stout men they made good speed.—They took down flour, pork, beef, beans, onions, etc., and brought up cotton, hemp, tobacco, etc., to Pittsburg. Many of these boats were managed by Canadians who seemed much to fancy their mode of life. As the boats went up they were pushed by poles on the shore:ide while oars were worked on the outside. The average upstream velocity was 12 miles per day—they lay up at night—but often when the wind was fair

they would sail 50 miles. It was the custom with the Canadians to sing hoosier songs, and their yell was heard many miles. They also, since they were much exposed to the weather, made very free use of liquors, the effect of which was plainly seen in their ruddy, full faces. Much boating was also done from Charleston, Va., to Nashville and St. Louis. Mons. Ginat sent his daughters to Cincinnati to school where their time was not misspent, some of them taught many schools in the Grant afterward. They also kept house for their father at the salt works. In stature, Ginat was large, but not fleshy. February 5, 1810, M. Ginat sold 100 acres of his lot to William Powers, for the sum of \$275.

Though most of the French had been brought up as Catholics, yet most of them seem to have left the mother church and cared little about her benison. For in the year 1818 a Roman priest named La Font came into the Grant and offered to be their spiritual guide on condition of his maintenance. He was a man of fine education and had been an ecclesiastic of high order in France, but by the Revolution he had lost his property and had come to America in quest of employment. He wished the French to build a house of worship and give him the care of it, but this they did not choose to do. When he found that they had hopelessly relapsed, he tried another hook

and became pedagogue. He was in the Grant one year, and took boarding at Mons. Dutiel's. He taught school in the French tongue. He wrote a beautiful hand, and made some good scribes of his pupils.

It was M. La Font's custom to flatter M. Dutiel much openly; but on a certain occasion a banished French nobleman called on M. La Font, from Portsmouth. These two were in the cellar once conversing on the fickleness of fortune, and La Font remarked how humiliating it was for them, of such high rank in France, to be dependent here in America on "this poor peasant Dutiel. Why, in France we don't at all recognize persons of this class."

But, unluckily for them, M. Dutiel was in another part of the cellar, and heard their hollow-heartedness. The next morning he informed M. La Font that he had no further occasion for his service, nor room in his house.

La Font went to Portsmouth, then to New Orleans, bought a \$5 lottery ticket, drew \$20,000, and a few years ago was seen in New Orleans by a citizen of the Grant.

M. Ginat had a medium education. He was quite useful to the French in the Grant through his tact as a "pettifogger." His mind seems to have been well adapted to this business, for he is said to have had a particular liking for disputation. He would always waive previous impressions, and take the opposition on any question, simply for the sake of showing his talent and confusing his opponent. The French often had misunderstandings with the Yankees, and as most of them spoke poor English it was difficult for them always to obtain justice. M. Ginat had given much attention to law, and spoke English

fluently; he was therefore well prepared to advocate the causes of the French. He must have been expert in this craft for men much dreaded him as an opponent. He practiced this during his later years after he had returned from Kanawha to the Grant. After several years of hard toil M. Ginat had the misfortune to fail in the salt business and lose all his capital. He then came back from Kanawha to the Grant, and lived most of the rest of his life with Peter Baccus, an uncle of his by marriage.

It might be a little interesting in these "fast times" for a moment to revert to the table beverages of the first settlers of the Grant. Among articles used for drinks we enumerate, coffee, sassafras, sage, sycamore (more properly called plane tree), wheat and rye. It was something extra to have coffee more than once a week; this was not because they did not love the drink, nor because they were "stingy," but simply because money was scarce, and because coffee was scarce and dear. Coffee was sold as 50cts. a pound, and not thought high. It was generally found on the table in its purity on Sunday morning, very rich with cream and sugar, and the little "shavers" were indulged in a cup if they had been very good Saturday and Sunday morning in anticipation of this treat. Sassafras was much used in sugar time in the spring, so also spice wood and sage were used and throughout the year; but what can sycamore mean? Yes, this common sycamore was used as a beverage. The tree was cut into the redwood and the chips of the red taken to make tea of. The tea is said to have had a beautiful color and a fine flavor. Wheat and rye occupied

the place of our coffee. Rye was best. In preparation it was the same as that of coffee, with which wheat and rye was often mingled. The custom of one pound of rye was to "score" ten pounds of rye to every pound of coffee, and mingle them; then put the mixture up in tight jars and it was imagined that the one pound retained its own virtue and impaired also ten-tenths to the rye, so that it all came out

good coffee. These were some of the necessities of our ancestors.

Mons. Ginat died at P. Baccus' at a good age. He had a fine watch which had come to him from his parents and was much esteemed by himself. With his dying breath he bequeathed this to his beloved daughter Cynthia, but Cynthia was cruelly deprived of this sacred relic. A law suit resulted from this watch.

PETRE CHABOT.

Another of the pioneers of the grant was Peter Chabot. He was born and raised in France and came to Gallipolis about the year 1790.

He drew a lot in the north east corner of the grant on the waters of Pine creek. He was unmarried when he came to America, but married shortly after he came, a woman of American parentage. After settling in the grant his wife became unsettled in her mental faculties, and partially lost her senses. He was compelled, on account of her becoming insane, to send her to Philadelphia to her people to be taken care of. There were no lunatic asylums in this country at that time, and when a person became insane they had to be sent to the older states to be taken care of. Thus Mons. Chabot was left with several small children on his hands and no one to take care of them. This was a bad condition for a man to be in especially where it might be several miles to the nearest neighbor. So Mons. Chabot was under the necessity of marrying

another wife, although he had not been divorced from his first wife.

After living several years with his second wife. His children by his first wife grew up to man's estate and the oldest son concluded that his mother ought to be looked after. He accordingly made a trip to Philadelphia to make inquiries after his mother, he found her in good health and had regained her best reason. She came out to Ohio to look after her rights as the wife of Peter Chabot. When she found that he had married another wife and was living comfortably, and happily with her, she concluded not to break up the domestic relations of her husband's family, but told him if he would give to her one third of his property which in law are equally, rightfully belonged to her, she would not disturb him but let him remain with his second wife. This proposition seemed satisfactory to all parties invested, and he divided his property with her, and she let him remain with his last wife.

In the year 1827 the writer of this sketch was living in Whe-

lersburg, and had business in Portsmouth, I was returning back on foot, and fell in company with a man who was also going in that direction. We soon fell into conversation and I discovered at once that he was a Frenchman. As was usual with strangers on such occasions we commenced by asking each other questions as to our place, of residence, names, and other things respecting ourselves. As soon as I discovered that he was one of the original French settlers of the Grant, my curiosity became greatly excited. There had always been a halo of romance thrown around these old French emigrants that was very fascinating to the imagination of us youngsters, and we always listened with great eagerness to the legends that were related of their manners customs and habits of life. So different from anything we had been accustomed to. I therefore commenced questioning Mr. Chabot, (for that was his name) as to the time of his coming to the Grant, and all about the manner of his getting there. He said that he came to the Grant from Gallipolis in 1799. He landed near the mouth of Gant's creek and then had to pack his household goods about four or five miles through the woods on an old mare he had. There were no roads in those days, neither were there any wheeled carriages, but every thing transported had to be packed on horses,

Mr. Chabot had been down the year before and built a small cabin and some other improvements preparatory to making a permanent settlement. He had an old mare on which he packed his goods and chattels from the river to his lot. There was no other road than what they called a bridle path. He had a pack

saddle strongly strapped to the old mare's back. He would then strap his goods securely to the pack saddle, then take her by the bridle and lead her through the woods to his place of destination. At one load he had two iron pots or kettles, to be taken out, these he strapped one on each side of the mare which constituted one load, there were trees standing near the path which if she went a little too close would strike the kettle giving her a severe punch in the ribs. She had not passed many trees in this way before she discovered what was the matter. She gave every tree a wide berth as the sailors say, and was very careful not to let a tree strike any part of the load. In this way he packed his goods from the river to the house he had built. He said it was very amusing to see the dumb brute shying round the trees to keep from getting a punch in the ribs.

I afterward saw the old man frequently in Weelersburg and got him to relate some part of his experience as a pioneer. He was a farmer and a very industrious man. The neighbors would employ him to thresh out their small grain when they raised any. This was long before reaping or threshing machines were invented; and what little grain they raised in the early settlement of the country had to be reaped with a sickle and threshed out with a flail very often on a ground floor, where there was no lumber to make a threshing floor. Threshing with a flail was a very hard, slow process of getting out grain, but there was another difficulty almost as hard to overcome, in separating the chaff from the wheat. Fanning mills were in use where they raised wheat enough to justify the expense of getting one, but that

was not generally the case. If the wind blow steadily in one direction, grain could be separated from the chaff by holding it up in a half bushel or something as high as a man's head and shaking it out, the grain would fall straight to the ground, while the wind would blow the chaff out and carry it off. This was very good in the wind, but in a calm we had to resort to a sheet, two persons would take a sheet by the ends and by swinging it between them in a certain manner could create an artificial breeze that would carry off the chaff in the same manner.

As I said before, Mons. Chabot was often employed by his neighbors to thresh and clean wheat. He had a peculiar method of separating the wheat from the chaff not much practiced because few could do it. He had what was called a fan. It was made of light boards with a hoop around three sides of it, about six inches wide. The front was left open with handles at the sides. He would put in about a peck of wheat and chaff altogether and would then take it up by the

handles in front of him and throw it up in such a manner that the wheat would fall back in the fan and at the same time blow the chaff out. By throwing it up in this way a few minutes the chaff would all be blown out and the wheat remain in the fan. I have seen negroes in Old Virginia clean hominy with a tray in that way that had been pounded in a hominy block. On account of Mons. Chabot's ability to clean wheat in this way the was employed by all his neighbors for the purpose of threshing and cleaning wheat.

These historical reminiscences are not written for any great historical value they may be supposed to possess; but to give the names and such incidents connected with their lives as were peculiar to the settlement of a new country. Machinery has taken the place of all the old methods of working, so that a person of the present generation can form but an imperfect idea of the manner in which without machinery labor was performed by their fathers or grandfathers.

DOCTOR DUFLIGNY.

We speak of one whose history is rather obscure, but in whose life there are some interesting incidents and facts worthy to be remembered. He was a man of fine education and a physician. The first we know of him is when Mons. Berthelot made his acquaintance in Philadelphia, just previous to the time of the "drawing" of the lots in the Grant. He had been in Philadelphia two years, and had been

making money with a picture show. This show consisted simply in exhibiting a large number of fine paintings in succession, behind glass lenses, with curtains properly arranged, during the twilight of the evening. The troops were garrisoned there and among them the doctor often showed with no small profits.—He had made money enough in this way to be considered wealthy among the French. He com-

pany with and at the solicitation of M. Berthelot came to Gallipolia. He tarried there about two years in the practice of medicine. He then came to the Grant and took possession of his lot—built a cabin and lived by himself a while. He was not a great worker but cleared a small space and had a garden. He raised many fowls and sold their eggs to boatmen, and also kept many bees and made cash therefrom. His cabin was a "hard-looking" place, being built of unhewn saplings, with "punchons" for the floor, and "clapboards" for the door and roof. But this was not worse than the mansions usually were.

Dr. Dafligny left the reputation of extreme penuriousness. This seems, however, to have arisen, not from selfish, misanthropic feelings, but from sincere fears that he should some day come to want. This disposition gave numerous occasions to his less parsimonious brethren for sport. While keeping bachelor's hall, two Frenchmen, Vincent and Maguet, called on the Doctor just before dinner time, designing to draw on the Doctor's liberality by way of their dinners. "Well, Doctor," they said, "we are very hungry and tired, and will have to trouble you for a little dinner;" Doctor, looking up, sadly sighing and rubbing his eyes, said: "Well friends I am very sorry it is so, but I have been very poorly some days and have had no appetite, and have not cooked any thing nor have I prepared any thing to cook." The two making themselves very free, opened the cupboard, and continued: "Well Doctor, as you are sick, we can cook us a little ourselves." Doctor: "I don't like to put you to so much trouble, besides I have nothing fit for you." The two: "O! no trouble!

Why! Here are eggs, meat, flour, etc.: O! We can get a good dinner of this." One made a fire, the other made up some bread and broke in plenty of eggs. Doctor: "O! gentlemen, you can't eat that." The two: "Never mind Doctor, don't weary yourself." They prepared eggs, biscuit, ham, etc., and in a word got a fair dinner; but it on the table and prepared to partake. Doctor, looking up and thinking it expensive to have all this go, hit on a good idea: "Well, gentlemen, your victuals smell so well, my appetite seems to come to me; I think a little of your dinner can't hurt me—perhaps it may help me? Slips up his chair, begins and makes a most hearty dinner, and after he saw it must go he had the politeness to seem to let it go cheerfully, made himself agreeable, and on parting regretted that he had not better things for them, and hoped they would soon call again and he would be better prepared to entertain them.

Mons. Dafligny was not a good business man, for he is said to have kept plenty of money in idleness—in gold, locked up. And though he had money always by him, he scarcely ever parted with any—never when it was possible to obtain the desired object by barter. While in the Grant he married Peggy Stump. It seems, however, that Peggy and the doctor could not think more of each other than they did of the world and themselves, for we find—what a pity!—that they even could not consent to live with each other more than two years and a half. The cause of this separation is related thus: The doctor felt that he would be ruined, it took so much food for them both. He imagined that his wife was too wasteful, and particularly he could not bear

that his lady should have so many calls—too many friends called and took meals, and all this was loss to the doctor! At a certain time, he and his wife were discussing domestic economy, and looking out, they saw two ladies, just before noon, coming, and, to all appearance, about to make a call. The doctor did not like this, and he tells his lady to run up stairs and secrete herself. This she did; but the visitors saw her go up; they called, seemed very tired and said they would like to have dinner. The doctor seemed sorry, and told them his lady was not at home, and that nothing was cooked. The ladies, for no purpose but to vex the doctor, told him that they could get dinner, and requested him to make a fire. This he did, and they began to get a dinner so expensive that it was hard for M. D. to preserve his usual politeness to ladies. After they were well advanced with their dinner, Madame Duffigny, through some mishap, let something make a loud noise among the old lumber in the garret. At this the ladies seemed alarmed, and one stepped upstairs to see what had happened, and appeared much surprised to see the lady of the lady of the house there. This of course completely nonplussed the host and hostess, but the two seemed not to notice it, and excused themselves for thus intruding upon Madame D.'s department. She came down then and joined the others at the dinner. The doctor finding himself caught so nicely, smoothed it over as best he could, and seemed for the time being, to be very liberal and open-hearted.

The doctor had a fine education, and his library was quite large.

Late in life he read almost constantly. He lived only a few years in the Grant. He then went to Portsmouth, where he owned an acre of land in the upper part of the village. His time was here spent mostly in reading; what labor he did was confined to gardening on his acre. M. D. did little at his profession after he left Gallipolis. The social nature of the doctor must have been far from good, for it seems that he could neither agree well with his wives nor with his neighbors; it resulted from his cool temperament and parsimony. After Peggy left him, or he left Peggy, Mons. D. had a new sharer of his fortune—a Bloomer—but the old complaints of extravagance, wastefulness, company, etc., did not long permit her to enjoy domestic felicity. After doctor and his second consort dissolved, he changed his residence. His grant farm, which was situated about one mile below Franklin furnace, he sold, and spent the rest of his life on his acre at Portsmouth. He kept bachelor's hall here awhile, and then accepted the kind office of the third "dear one," but this was no more lucky than his two former compacts, wherefore it was also dissolved. The doctor never had any children born unto himself. The closing years of his life were marked with penuriousness of the deepest dye. He was noted for buying the coarsest articles at market. He was a great lover of soup made from joints of beef. A consumption kept him in suffering about eight months. When he became very low he was taken to Captain Brown's near Portsmouth, his trunks were also taken. Doctor did not think he should die soon, and

made no will. He did die soon. He is said to have died with his keys gripped convulsively in his hands—showing where his last and greatest anxiety laid. His

property went to the public. One of his spouses tried by law to get some of his property, but failed.

A. C. VINCENT.

Mons. Antoine Claude Vincent (commonly called Vansaw) was born in the villiage of Gentilly one league south of Paris October 13, 1772. His parents, belonged to the Bourgeoise, or middle class, and were in easy circumstances as to property.—They were strict Catholics, and educated their children in that faith. Young Vincent was the pride and hope of the family.—He was educated with the utmost care, with the design of his entering the priesthood, in the French, Latin and Greek languages, and in all other learning pertaining to that office. While at his studies he had gone through all the steps preparatory to this ordination. He was a very sweet singer, and singing was a part of his duty in the cathedral during service. His education completed, he didn't choose to become a priest. He was influenced in this by a liberal, free way of thinking which characterized him throughout life. His mind was of no ordinary cast, and he saw errors in the mother church which he could not embrace and would not support. We next find him working in a calico factory, and after this he became a silversmith in the service of a very wealthy jeweller, named Antionme. His upright character and business habits obtained for him the confidence of this gentleman. The black and bloody

clouds of the Revolution and Reign of Terror, now looming up were clearly seen by penetrating business men, and one of these was Mons. Antionme. He therefore, to escape these convulsions of the state, proposed to Vincent to embark with him, on a trading ramble in the New World, designing to be gone about three years, and then, after peace and business should be re-established to return to France. It turned out that they embarked with the French bound for the Scioto from Havre de Grace.

During the long voyage Vincent could not be idle, he therefore studied English Grammar, and learned to read and write it before their arrival at Alexandria. On their arrival there M. Vincent went into an English grocery to buy snuff, and addressed the shopkeeper in English (?) but the shopman could not understand his English, where-upon M. V. was about to leave the shop, having concluded that they were Dutch, or at least not English but being presented with a slate he wrote his wants in good English, and the shopman looked up surprised that he could write such good English, but could not speak it. By this Mons. V. learned that to read and write English, and to be able to speak it; were quite distinct things; and was cautious in the use of his newly acquired tongue. After a delay

at Alexandria they came on to Gallipolis, where Messrs. Antionme and Vincent went into their business.

The jewelers craft was dull in American back woods, and M. Antionme stops business there and prepares to trade on the river and finally to reach New Orleans, thence to return to France. For the purpose he procured a very large pirogue and had it manned with two hired men. He was well prepared for such an enterprise, for he had in said priogue besides a vast amount of watches, jewelry, ect., stacks of the best of fire arms, rifles, muskets, pistols, kegs of powder, shot bayonets, swords daggers; in a word, they had taken every precaution thought expedient in guarding such vast wealth. They were also well supplied with clothes and previsions. Thus equipped M. Antome, with his two hireling left Gallipolis in the autumn of 1791. They fared well until they were in a short distance of the mouth of Big Sandy. The Indians were then hostile and, at this place a few of their number approached in craft, Antionme's pirogue. The river was high, and with such arms as they had one man would have been safe against a dozen Indians only with the bow. At their approach Antionme seized a musket and prepares to fire upon them, but, as mishaps would have it, the two hirelings are panic struck and threaten A. instant death if he dare fire at the Indians, and thus provoke their anger. What shall I do? The Indians are here and will soon have all my wealth; if they even spare my life, every favorite project is forever blasted; if I return to France dogration, poverty and misery will crush me to the dust! He is

completely unmaned, and with that same charge which should have blown out the brains of one of these cowards, he shot himself through the heart. At this report the timid Indians turned their course in flight, but the cowards fearing they should provoke their wrath if they let them go— called them back saying the man had only shot himself. The pirogue was now boarded, Antionme's body despoiled, was thrown overboard; the arms ammunition, provisions, clothing and what of the jewelry, suited their fancy were all taken and appropriated. Much jewelry, tools, watches, etc., of which neither the use they could see, nor the modus operandi understand they threw overboard. It is said that for many years afterward watch crystals, etc., were found in this spot. Such is the gloomy tragedy which ended the career of a French Capitalist; known to the world now, perhaps only by his name and this occurrence. The Indians gave those two recreants a blanket and a loaf of bread each and sent them down to the fort at Cincinnati.

Mons. Vincent had been left in Gallipolis to settle Antionme's business and was then to follow onto New Orleans, but this affair changed his prospects. With A's. misfortune he had lost his tools his money, his clothes. Nothing was left but himself, health vigor and mind superior to ill luck. He still adhered to his design of returning to France, but the Revolution raged and he delayed. He gives himself up now to little things; raises chickens; had 900 at once; gives his chickens and eggs away to the ladies of Gallipolis; taught school to Americans gratis, gardener and kept Bachelor's Hall. Nearly all were French

at Gallipolis, and he wished to learn English, he therefore went to Marietta, and spent the time as seemed to him best. Finally eight years had passed since he leaped on shore at Gallipolis, exclaiming as if in anticipation of the happy (?) times he was about to enjoy—"I am at the Scioto." On the 23rd of January, 1799, Mons. Antoine Claude Vincent and Flore Emilie Berthelot were married;—in the 27th year of his and 16th year of her age. Mademoiselle Berthelot was born Nov. 14th, 1783 at Servres, near Paris. Her father was very wealthy and had been trading in America in 1790. Though the aid of Mons. Gervais, Berthelot got his family—the lady, son and daughter—brought over to Gallipolis. M. Gervais had been over the sea before, and well knew the kind of fare they would experience if they depended on the ship fare, therefore he took very particular care in providing the best of provisions for this rich family, and the voyage was to them a time of festivity rather than otherwise. This suit landed at Philadelphia Nov. 1792. The education of Mademoiselle Berthelot was limited, she being but eight years old on leaving France.

We relate a circumstance which took place before Mons. V. married. He was living alone, in a house which was partly finished and being his own cook, he got up in the night to "set" his yeast for the coming day. As he was passing through an unfinished room, while among the shavings he felt something strike his foot, once, twice, thrice. At first he thought it a wire among the shavings, but he soon was convinced he was struck by a snake. Before he could get a light, the reptile had vanished, but to be

safe he started to the village (for this was at a distance) to seek a physician. On his way he had to cross a creek over which lay a log. When he got here he was by no means in doubt as to his snake bite; he crossed the log on his hands and knees, but when over, his feet were so swollen that he could no longer walk, and he crawled the rest of the way about a fourth of a mile. The physician pronounced it a copper head bite and took him into his especial care. Very great were his sufferings here: for three weeks he lay in the same room, one window which showed him the rising and the setting sun. As he would exclaim in despair, "O! glorious sun! I see you rise but shall never see you set," as it set, "I see you set but will never see you rise." So great were his sufferings here that he literally gnawed to pieces a blanket which was his covering. Much spirit was used in his medication.

After marriage he remained at Marietta some time. From the 22d to the 23rd of Feb. '99, he went on a trip to Belpre settlement, some miles below Marietta. He went in a canoe alone, it turned stormy; the wind blew and the river was rough it snowed fast; water splashed into the canoe; it became very cold and the water in the canoe froze; he was poling the canoe, east, his foot slipped on the ice, he fell overboard, but regained the canoe. He was now miles from any human habitation perfectly wet; it blew, it snowed, it froze, and unless he could keep warm, he must soon be frozen. He abandoned his canoe and took the land for it, endeavoring by brisk walking to keep from freezing. He started on the road for Belpre, the snow fell thick and fast and hid the

guiding marks on the trees, he lost the way and came to a tree top, as he thought; he attempted to go round it, thought it a very long tree, and at last a thought struck him that it was a brush fence and it was—and he tried to climb over it.

It was now thick night; the winds had subsided, the heavy clouds had passed away, but poor Mons. Vincent had lost all hope: his feet were frozen solid in his boots; his garments were stiff with ice; his hands and arms had lost all sensibility. He with the last efforts of despair, had reached the top of the fence, but when there he lost his balance and fell forward into deep snow. Hope was all gone now, and made no effort to arise. He felt no pain but a deadness in his limbs opposed all efforts at locomotion. He had lain about a half hour in this about unconscious state when he heard a cow bell, and opened his eyes; the sky was now clear, the stars shone brightly and he saw the bright moon just rising. Between the moon and himself he saw the roof of a house, and hope returned. He attempted to call aloud, but not a word escaped his pale lips. After some effort he got on his elbows and tried to drag himself along. Hope gave energy to his frame; his heart beat quicker, and he slowly moved along, using only his elbows, for his legs were entirely chilled. He reached the door about midnight, and in vain tried to rouse the inmates. He at last got on the steps, and reached and raised the latch. The inmates were alarmed thought him intoxicated but soon recognized him and treated him as best they could. They prepared warm water for his hands and feet but he knew what the effect would be, and re-

fused. He was conveyed to Marietta, and placed in the care of the best physicians. Their utmost skill was exercised but soon lost confidence in the Yankee doctors, and longed for French treatment. He accordingly was taken to Gallipolis, in a canoe. Lime water had been offered him at Marietta, but he refused it; the French doctors applied it the first thing. At evening his hands and feet were perfect black like jelly; by the use of lime water, by morning, all this decaying flesh was removed, and his feet and hands were as white as linen, the pearly bones of the first joints being perfectly naked. For six weeks after that fatal night he did not, nor did others expect him to live. It took place just one month after his nuptials. He lost thereby most of the first joints of his fingers and toes which nearly disqualified him for the exercise of some arts in which he was well skilled.

Mons. Vincent came to the Grant in the Autumn of 1801.—His lot fell on the hills and was worth, then, nothing. He bought a small portion of one in the "New Grant," on the river, two miles above the mouth of Pine Creek, on which he settled. He afterwards bought the whole lot, 150 acres. He was not a large farmer, his mind did not incline that way, he had not a taste for acquiring wealth, except only as it increased his means of enjoying letters. He kept a fine garden but did not clear out much of his farm;—only enough fully to supply the wants of his family. On the retired spot, grew up a family of intelligent and universally respected children, of whom the names and order of the birth are thus; Louise, born June 28, 1800. Antoinetto, Lucie, Susan

Therese, Claudius, Flore, Emilie, and Marie Jeanne Francoise born July 27 1819. These eight in all survive. Claudius who died July 2, 1836. His death was a deep wound, to the aged father, being his only male child.

Mons. Vincent was a man of deep judgement and correct notions, and following the dictates of his own good sense he bestowed much more attention to forming the minds of his children, than to accumulating wealth that he might leave it to them. He understood English critically, though he could not speak it smoothly and was very careful to have his family speak it grammatically. He taught them also to read, write and speak the purest French.

Mons. Vincent obtained a handsome sum from the estate of his father-in-law, M. Berthelot. This Frenchman for many years had been trading in America. He traded from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, on the river, on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, on the Eastern coast of the United States, and in our eastern cities, until he had become "extremely rich." He at one time had all his wealth in the shape of gold in a trading ship of his own; the gold he knew not the amount of but had it, stacked up in the vessel in sacks. While coasting near Nova Scotia he was taken by pirates. He did not now expect to escape with life, but the pirates—most merciful!—told him his life should be spared on condition of delivering up all his wealth. To these conditions he readily consented, but his wife who was on board,—that ever true supporter in distress,—hearing these terms, had the presence of mind to seize some sacks of the most unalloyed and hid them in fuel

and thus they were left rich in one view and poor in another; rich compared to most mortals—having yet gold by the sackfull; poor contrasted with their former condition. Berthelot was deeply afflicted by this, soon returned to France, pined away, and in two years sunk into the grave. Madame Berthelot soon married into a wealthy establishment; her husband died and she was thus left in possession of vast wealth, to which the only heir was her daughter, Madame Vincent.—She died, and as Vincent had no knowledge of the event, his claims of heirship were not asserted, and in some years the estate would revert to the Crown. The thing was at last understood, this side the Atlantic, and Mons. Vincent went to work to get his dues. For this purpose he procured the services of Mons. Gervias, who was then in Paris. After much trouble, M. Gervias was enabled to produce testimony sufficient to establish the heirship of Madame Vincent, and obtained a percentage only, of the claim, on account of a law which requires proof of claim within a certain period, on penalty of forfeiture of most of the claim. Albert Gallatin was our Minister at that time, at the French Court. By him notes were transmitted on J. J. Astor, payable to M. A. C. Vincent, to the amount due. Though not a large sum, yet a "lift" of some thousands was quite an affair to a settler of French Grant in those days. The correspondence during this negotiation is carefully preserved.

[In the winter of 1811-12 the valley of the Mississippi, from New Madrid to the mouth of the Ohio river, was greatly disturbed by earthquakes. They also extended to this region, but were relatively light, though by no means trifling. Their effect on the

mind of Madame Vincent was powerful deep and lasting. From this time dates her partial estrangement of mind, which has characterized her life ever since. She resides at Wheelersburg, is aged about 82 years, and every day or two walks a mile and a quarter to visit a relative.—EDITORS REPUBLICAN.]

The Revolution of August 7th, 1830, and the establishment of the house of Orleans, on the throne of France in the person of Louis Phillippé reminded Mons. Vincent of what he might probably have been had he taken a solicited step in former life. I have no historical authority for the following except the thousand times retold account of M. V. himself, but have not a shade of cause to question it. It appears that while the Reign of Terror raged in France, and rivers of royal blood flowed in the streets of Paris, Louis Phillippé, then Duke of Orleans, with two close relations, had taken refuge in America; and passing down the Ohio incognito, called at Marietta, at the hotel kept by Mons. Tiorrie, with whom Mons. Vincent was then boarding. There being many French in Marietta, and many of them of good standing when they left France, and widely known, the Duke conversing with them and finding them well disposed to the Royalists, made himself known to them. They were on their way to New Orleans, and sought some one to accompany them in their wanderings. Louis himself was very dejected and gloomy and sat with his "chapeau" far over his eyes his face down cast and supported by his hands. He rarely spake, but his relatives had the free use of their tongues. They were much pleased with Mons. Vincent (then a lively, unmarried man) and greatly desired him to

share their fortune and accompany them to New Orleans; and as the two relatives seemed about to fail in their object, the future sovereign of France broke his gloomy silence and with honest tears streaming from his eyes said: "yes come along with us Vincent come; we are now wretched cast-outs, alone, friendless, homeless, moneyless, wandering through this wilderness infested with wild beasts and worse savages, far from our dear native land.

We need you now, and yet can repay you nothing, but the time will come when we can and will, law and order will soon be restored; we will wait that occasion and then peaceably restore and be restored to our possessions and rights. Then we can and will repay you; we will have offices to fill and titles to confer. They will be yours only come with us now in our distress." But M. V. was not prevailed on to go by these entreaties, for the reason that he was teaching school, and because New Orleans was very unhealthy then; moreover his good sense and foresightness made him ponder the misfortune he might bring upon himself. In 1830, when this same Louis Phillipe was seated on the French throne it was natural enough of Mons. V. to ponder what might have been his fortune had he showed himself a faithful follower of the King while in his low state; but if he had reflected on the proverbial "gratitudo of Princes" he would have had little reason to complain of his little farm, beautiful garden and tranquil home.

Mons. V. was a fine musician and great lover of the flute and violin, and played well on both. After his trip to Belpre and consequent loss of the first finger joints, he forever laid aside his

flute, but he could yet use the violin in a reverse position, and it was his custom to beguile with the violin's sweet notes the wearisome hours of the eve of life. I have seen music in manuscript of his own composing. He also in early life was a fine performer on the piano, and could "fix them up."

The year 1821 is remembered as the sickly year, and at one time, that season five of the Vincent family were prostrated by disease. Monsieur having a bitter aversion to American doctors must have French remedies from French doctors; accordingly, he took his cane at day's dawn, and was on his way to Gallipolis; the evening of the next day finds him at home, having walked twice 48 miles in 36 hours. Allowing one-third of the time for eating, sleeping, drinking and consulting the physicians, he must have constantly moved the other two-thirds, at the rate of 4 miles an hour. In two weeks his family had regained health under his own treatment. He went to Gallipolis for the last time in June, 1837, in his 63th year, on foot. He was an excellent gardener; had a vineyard from which he made wine for his family; raised tobacco, and sometimes made and sold cigars.

Mons. Vincent was well raised and was well drilled in the etiquette of high life or of the court, but this availed him little in these woods. His education would have fitted him for any station in life; but, as it was, it was of little advantage to any but his own family. It was of vast value to himself, and gave him power coolly and cheerfully to brave the petty vexations and difficulties of life. He was a great reader, and his library was, and is, filled with choice

books. He was not very particular what kind of books he read, but trusted to his own good sense to ward off injury from the false sentiments of others. He read all the works of Voltaire; especially the histories of Rousseau etc., but he was not confined to the French; he read English nearly as readily. Very often he sent to Portsmouth and would receive books by the box; in a month or so he had finished them, sent them back and got a new supply. We have very few men now who read as he did, and few farmers who are as familiar as he was with history, philosophy, mathematics, ethics, music and poetry. But how did he, a farmer, get time to do so much reading? The shortest answer is, he simply took it. It was his regular custom to read one hour after dinner; after he retired, his flambeau was hung at his bed side and he would read till sleep closed his eyes. He is said never to have been seen to take a seat and fold his hands in listlessness; either he was at some useful work or he was holding sweet converse with some great one through his writings. We no more wonder that his mind was well stored. In religion he was far from superstitious; indeed, I have conversed with one who charged him with skepticism; but this impression no doubt arose from his cool, common sense way of talking on all subjects. In the Roman church he saw what he could never approve, but when he heard Protestants groundlessly, as he thought, accuse her, he warmly defended her. When all were alarmed by the earthquakes he paid unusual attention to religious duties. He believed little in the efficacy of rites, forms, fasts and ceremonies, but considered a blameless life the surest passport

to future felicity. He was scrupulously exact in his dealings with his fellows, and far above purse or possessions valued the sacredness of his word. He was naturalized August 31, 1808. After two weeks fever he died August 22, 1846, aged 73 years 10 months 9 days. We have spoken more fully of Mr. Vincent than it would be possible of any other settler of the Grant," simply because his life, is full of incidents and because they are better authenticated.

GALLICUS

The above is from the pen of Mons. Lecroix. We will now add a few personal recollections of our own. Mons. Vincent was a small, spare man and apparently not fitted by nature for the rugged, laborious life of a backwoods-man. He cleared a small field and planted an orchard, but turned the most of his attention to cultivating a large garden. This garden he planted mostly in onions and generally raised a large crop. Onions at that time were rather difficult to raise and Mr. Vincent generally had the market all to himself. He had a large canoe or periouge, which he loaded every year with onions and went a peddling down the river. When he had sold out, it was an easy matter to return with the empty periouge. Mr. McDowell, who was doing business in Portsmouth, sometimes purchased his entire crop. One year Mr. McDowell bought his canoe load and engaged the next years crop at some price agreed on between themselves. The next year when Mr. Vincent was on his way to deliver his canoe load of onions agreeable to the contract of last year, he was intercepted by another dealer of Portsmouth and offered a higher price than Mr. McDowell was to

give him, "no said Mr. Vincent I sell my onions to Mr. McDowell and I let Mr. McDowell have them no matter how much you give me." Some of the French were singularly honest.

In 1825 Mr. Vincent's family consisted of a number of marriageable girls of different ages, Susan, Lucy, Thersa, Flore and others younger. The girls made a party and invited several of the young folks of Wheelersburg. Accordingly a goodly number of us went to the party. We got there in the afternoon and enjoyed ourselves for two or three hours by promenading in the garden and in conversation till about sunset when supper was announced. About one half of the company was very fond of dancing and the other half were members of the Methodist church, therefore it was agreed out of deference to the feelings of the religious part of the company there should be no dancing. But it was arranged that Mr. Vincent should bring out his violin and play us a few tunes as there could be no harm in that, Mr. Vincent brought his violin highly gratified to think that he had a chance to contribute something towards the evening's entertainment. As soon as he began to tune his fiddle, some of the young men becoming electrified at the sound of the fiddle lost all control of themselves and starting up seized their partners by the hand and paraded themselves on the floor for a dance. As soon as this movement was discovered one of Mr. Vincent's daughters, Susan, stepped up to him and took the fiddle out of his hands and told him that dancing could not be allowed. He gave up his fiddle as it was the girl's party and they had a right to control it.

A madder man is not often seen, he lost his only chance of displaying his musical talents and contributing something towards the entertainment of the company. He got up and walked across the floor, stepping about a foot at each step and exclaimed as he crossed the floor, (emphasizing the last syllable in Heaven,) "If dere is no musie in Heaven, me no want to go dere." The young men who were dissatisfied in their expectations of a dance, uttered curses not loud but deep and every thing seemed to come to a stand still, but their spirits soon rallied and they put in the evening in playing some old fashion games that were greatly enjoyed in those days. This party however was not without its legitimate results, for in less than a year three of the girls were married, Lucy, married Horatio Caswell, better known as the "Hutter," Susan, married Dan, Young Whitecomb, a nephew of the Rev. Dan. Young, a celebrated preacher of that day, Theresa, married Volney Reeve, and is living in Wheelersburg, Flore, married John R. Powers, and lives in Portsmouth, Antoinette, married Silas W. Cole, and Emily, married John Barnes, and lives on Dogwood ridge, Jane, the youngest girl was very unfortunate, she married a very respectable man by the name of Taylor,

when she had her first child through some mismanagement of those who had her in charge, her reason was dethroned and she has never recovered her mental faculties since she lives with her sister Theresa in Wheelersburg.

The old lady is still living though upward of ninety years of age. She is the last of the old French emigrants that came to Gallipolis when it was first settled by the French. She was born in Paris, in 1783. In 1890 she came to America with her parents and settled in Gallipolis. She was married to Mons. Vineent in 1799 and in 1801, came down to the Grant in a canoe and settled at the mouth of what is now called Vineent's run. Here in the depth of the wilderness she reared her numerous family all daughters but one Claudius, who died shortly after reaching maturity.

Madam Vineent is a person of very considerable interest at this time, being the last of a very large company of original French emigrants who were victims of one of the most gigantic swindles that was ever practiced on an honest and confiding set of reformers. She is the oldest person in Scioto county and very near the oldest inhabitant. She is now living with her daughter Mrs. Hurd, in Wheelersburg and enjoys a tolerable degree of health for a person of her age.

THOMAS GILRUTH.

Among the early settlers of the upper end of Scioto county, was Thomas and Mary Gilruth. They originally came from Scotland. They came out west and first settled near Marietta; but soon after Wayne's treaty with

the Indians they came down and settled a mile or two above the French Grant, in the upper end of Scioto county. It is not now known precisely what year, but perhaps as early as 1796, at all events, they were among the

original pioneers of the county. Thomas Gilruth was a strong minded man and very determined in every thing that he attempted to do. If he undertook to do a thing in a certain way he would do it if he died by it. This peculiar trait in his character was illustrated on a certain occasion which offered great merriment for the neighborhood for a long time, in fact among the old residents it has not died out yet. A company of men went to cut out a new road. Their course lay along the bank of the river. The river was high but falling. They came to a deep gut that had to be crossed on a log. The river had been up over the log and left it covered with mud and slime which made it rather an unsafe bridge to cross on. However they concluded to cross on the log rather than head the back water. Accordingly they all passed safely over except Mr. Gilruth. He waited until the last. When he got about half way over he slipped off the log into the creek. Being a good swimmer he swam back to same side he started from. After waiting a minute or two he tried it again. The water dripping off his wet clothes made it more slippery than it was before. He fell into the gut again. This time they called to him to swim across and not swim back to the side he started from. But no sir, he was not going to give up that way. He replied that the rest of them had crossed on the log and by --- he would cross on the log if it took him all day. So he tried the log the third time and got over safe. After he got wet it would have been easier to swim across than go on the log. But that was not his way of doing. He had start-

ed to cross on the log and he did it. On another occasion he cut down a tall tree which he wanted for some purpose or other and it lodged in the fork of a sycamore tree standing down the bank of the river. Not willing to lose his labor and give up the tree he concluded to go up and cut the tree off where it lay in the fork of the other tree. He accordingly took his ax and went up on the tree which he had cut (it was not very steep) and getting a secure position cut the tree off in the fork. The tree fell and left him up there without any means of getting down. He was about 30 feet from the ground and a large smooth sycamore is not safe to climb down. In this extremity he calls to his wife, O, Mary, Mary, bring out all the beds and clothes and fix a place for me to jump on. So Mary brought out all the beds and was making a soft place for him to light on, when a Mr. Davidson came along and asked what in the world she was doing there. She replied that she was fixing a soft place for Gilruth to light on. Mr. Davidson looked up and seeing Mr. Gilruth in the fork of the tree at once comprehended the situation, said, My God man, if you jump down from that height you'll dash yourself to pieces. "Well says Gilruth how am I to get down. I can't climb down the tree. Says Davidson you had better stay up there than jump down for that will kill you certain. The next question was how to get him down? At that time there were large grape vines suspended from every tree top. So they cut the nearest grape vine and tried to hand it so near that he might catch it with his hands. But their united strength failed to bring it near enough. They

next went and yoked up a yoke of oxen and hitch them to the end of the vine and thus brought it close enough for him to get hold and so he came safely down the vine without receiving any injury.

He had a son named James Gilruth who when he grew up to be a man, he was the most athletic young man in all that section of county. Running, jumping, hopping, wrestling and even fighting if it become necessary, he generally came off winner. He was bragging about his running one day in the presence of his father and said that he could out run any man about there. The old man listened to him for sometime and at last said "Jimmie I can out run you." Oh, no father, you are too old for that. Well says the old man I'll tell you what I'll do. We'll both strip off everything but our shirts and take each of us a good switch and you may start first and I'll follow you. If you can keep out of my reach it is well and if not I'll whip you all the way through. Then coming back I will take the lead and you may whip me as much as you like. Agreed on says Jim we'll try that race.

They were to run a hundred yards and James started ahead. The old man kept so close to his heels that he gave him a severe flogging before they got through. Then it came the old man's turn to take the lead. He started off but Jimmie never got nigh enough to give him one stroke with his switch. The young man came out crest fallen. He never wanted to hear of the foot race he had with his father after that.

The young men of that period were uncultivated in their intel-

lectual faculties and rude and boisterous in their manners. This was sometimes manifest towards their sisters or mother in a very unbecoming manner. One day at dinner James Gilruth ordered his mother in a very pre-emptory tone and manner to get him a cup of milk. She got it for him quietly without saying a word. He soon finished his milk and called for another cup in a still more insulting manner. His mother spoke this time and said "James if you will ask for milk in a proper manner I will get it for you; but to use such language as you do I cannot wait upon you." He raised the cup as high as he could and brought it down on the table with such force that he broke it all to pieces. He roared out in most stentorian voice "By God I want some milk." Such statements as these would indicate a very rude state of society. I write this more for the benefit of these morbid grumblers who are all the time complaining of the wickedness and degeneracy of the present time and that we are fast setting back into a state of barbarism. That the world is getting wickeder every day, and we have lost all the virtue and morality which our fathers possessed in such an eminent degree.

The first settlers of the Ohio valley were men of education and culture. Having emigrated from the old states where schools and churches, and good society prevailed, they were perhaps as intelligent a class as existed in the older states. But it was impossible for them to give their children the same culture which they themselves had received. The first generation grew up almost in a state of nature. With-

out schools, without churches, or without any organized society, they in a manner ran wild. The great wonder is, that they turned out as well as they did.

James Gilruth although about as rough a specimen of backwoods life as could be found was not a bad man. All that ailed him was a lack of culture. I suppose that the Methodist church deserves more credit for the influence they brought to bear upon the manners and habits of the backwoods settlers than any other organization that ever was in the country. James Gilruth early joined the Methodists. And as he had always taken lead in everything he undertook he was bound to do it here. His natural disposition forbid it. So of course he soon became a Methodist preacher. He was licensed and sent out on a circuit. God bless the circuit riders. He had some rough scenes to pass through. There were some circuits that passed through some very rough neighborhoods, and a timid or cowardly man had no business there. They frequently stopped the preachers on the road and would not let them meet their appointments. They tried this game on Mr. Gilruth. But he soon let them know that he could fight as well as preach. After whipping a few of their bullies they were glad to let him go to his appointments without further molestation. James Gilruth was one of nature's noblemen. He was raised in a pretty rough school and was not polished in

manners but was possessed of the nobler qualities of our common humanity. Just such men were needed in order to give tone and character to society as it was then being formed out of the crude and heterogeneous materials then existing in the western country. He acquired the reputation of being the "fighting preacher" which was the highest praise that could be bestowed on a man in certain localities at that early day. He left this part of the country at an early age and finally settled in Davenport, Iowa, where he accumulated considerable property. He continued to preach to the end of his life. About three years ago he returned to visit scenes of his early youth. He had a brother William Gilruth still living on the old homestead. While living at his brothers in 1872 he wrote and published in the Iron-ton Register a series of articles giving the names and short sketches of all the first settlers of the upper end of Scioto county, which are very interesting to those who are curious in such matters. He returned to Iowa and died in 1873 at the age of 80 years.

William Gilruth still occupies the old homestead. Having been born and raised and lived in one place. He was born in 1799 and claims to be the oldest inhabitant of Scioto county born within its limits. And what is still more remarkable he still lives at the place where he was born.

SAMUEL MARSHAL, SR.

We claim for Mr. Marshall the credit of being the actual *bone fide*, positive first settler of Scioto

county. We are aware that there other parties who claim the credit of building the first

cabin, and raising the first corn in this county, but as it was not their intention to stay in this county, and did not remain over a year or two, but went on to their place of destination and were no more heard of in this country. We do not give them credit as pioneers of the county any more than we do any other person who might have stopped here a few days and then went on again. As well might the descendants of the French who settled at the mouth of the Scioto in 1756 at the time the French held Canada, and all this western country, claim to be the first settlers of Scioto county. Or to go still further back, there is a place on the west side of the Scioto called Old Town. It was called Old Town because it was supposed to be the sight of an old Indian town which was evacuated long before the whites had any knowledge of this country. There were several hundred acres of land cleared and all the indications of its having once been an Indian village and cultivated in corn. But with these very early settlers of Scioto county we have nothing to do. It is only those who come here after the close of the Indian war, settled and remained here and assisted in developing the resources of the country, and organizing the county, and they or their descendants remaining long enough to establish a civil government. These we claim to be the true Pioneers of Scioto county, and the very first of these was Samuel Marshall. He came to this country and built a small cabin about two miles above where Portsmouth now stands. This was in February, 1796. He passed down the river the year before in company with General

Wayne, when on his way to make his celebrated treaty with the Indians. He stopped at Manchester where Nathaniel Massie had built a small stockade for the protection of his surveyors, and had likewise laid out the town of Manchester.

Mr. Marshall had sold his property in Pennsylvania for about ten thousand dollars and taken his pay altogether in continental money. He wished to invest a portion of his money in government lands, but the government had not commenced surveying the lands north west of the Ohio yet, and he had to wait until the lands were ready for market. While waiting for the lands to be surveyed he moved up from Manchester and built his house as was stated above. He had a large family of children some of them grown up. His oldest daughter Nancy, was married to William Rollins and had two children. As is the case in all new countries marriageable young women are scarce, and men plenty, so while he waited in Manchester for the treaty to be made with the Indians, two more of his daughters got married, one to a man by the name of Washburn who settled in Adams county, the other to Thomas McDonald, a brother to the celebrated Indian Scout, John McDonald. It is well known to all who are conversant with the early history of this country that Col. John McDonald and Duncan McArthur were together with several others appointed to act as scouts and keep the Indians at bay while boats were passing down the river. In Howe's history of Ohio he gives this Thomas McDonald credit with building the first house in Scioto county. He came to Scioto coun-

ty perhaps with his father-in-law but did not build a house or make any long stay, but went up the Scioto and settled at or near Chillicothe.

Mr. Marshall had another marriageable daughter named Polly, who very soon got married to John H. Lindsey, commonly called Captain Jack Lindsey, because he was captain of the first rifle company organized in the county. This is the first marriage known to have taken place in the county. Where they got the license and who married them or what was done at the wedding, is left entirely to conjecture as we have no records of anything of the kind.

Another event of equal importance took place in the family of Mr. Marshall, although he had a large family some of them grown up and married, yet Mrs. Marshall was still young and able to have more children. Shortly after coming to this county, Mrs. Marshall gave birth to a daughter which was the first white child born in the county. They named her Fanny. When she grew up she married George Shunkwilder and raised a family of children.

To sum the matter and place it in a nut shell we now claim for Samuel Marshall the credit of being the first settler in Scioto county who came here with the intention of making this his permanent home. That he built the first cabin and raised the first crop of corn. That the first person married in the county was his daughter and that the first child that was born in the county was his child. We know this is claiming a good deal for the Marshall family. But as there are living witnesses among us who are fully competent to testify as

to the truth of the assertions herein made. We wish any person who has doubts as to the truth that they would satisfy themselves in the best manner they can and give us the result of their investigations.

We have a Pioneer Association here which was got up for the purpose, as one of its objects is to settle disputed or doubtful points in our early history. This society has failed to be what was expected of it. When I discovered that the Pioneer Society was a failure and that there was no probability of any records being made of our early history I was induced by the urgent solicitations of my friends to write and publish what I know or could find out of our early history.

I at once saw that if I did not do it there was no probability that it would ever be done at all. And in that case everything regarding our early history would be mere conjecture and conflicting opinions. So without explanation or compensation in any shape. I very reluctantly undertook the task. Such as it is, the public are welcome to it. In a literary point of view I claim nothing. Never having received a common school education, such as we have them now-a-days. I adopted the ciographical plan because I thought I could give a better history of the county by giving the history of each individual and the part he took in it than by giving a regular strait forward history. Another reason was that I happened to be personally acquainted with a large number of the persons whose biographies I now attempt to leave on record.

I now return to Mr. Marshall. When he left Pennsylvania he

was supposed to be a rich man. He had \$10,000 in United States money. At the time he took the money it might have been good, but when he tried to buy government land with it six or seven years after, it was not worth a cent, consequently he was left a poor man. He made several improvements on Congress lands which he expected to buy but his money would not be taken and he was entered out, that is some other men would enter the land and turn him out of his improvements without paying for them. That was a common practice in those days when there were no pre-emption laws. He leased a school section on the little Scioto. There he made improvements that could not be taken from him. He lived

till about the year 1816 or 1817 and was buried on top of one of the hills surrounding Scioto Furnace. His friend John Lindsey who came nearly at the same time he did and lived here several months when there was no other family within the present limits of Scioto county, (except a man by the name of Merrill who lived near Lucasville) was buried some where near Scioto Furnace and Mr. Marshall wished to be buried by his side. Some of his decendants wanted to take him up and remove him to a suitable burying ground and place a monument over his grave. But it was objected to on the plea that it was his choice to be buried there and it would be sacrilege to remove him.

SAMUEL MARSHAL JR.

Having often heard of the oldest inhabitant as being a person of very great knowledge and as being perfectly familiar with all past events and was always referred to whenever any disputed point was brought in question with regard to events long past. His decision was final on the subject. Therefore being anxious to settle some disputed points with regard to the first settlement certain to absolute certainty of Scioto county Ohio, and to as-who it was that built the first cabin and made the first settlement in the county. I availed myself of a very kind invitation of my friend Mr. Luther Marshall who lives at Sciotoville, to take a ride with him in his buggy out to Madison Township to visit an uncle of his who belonged to the first family that settled in Scioto county. It is

stated in Howe's history of Ohio on the authority of Col. John M'Donald that "Thomas M'Donald his brother, built the first cabin in Scioto county." This has been published to the world as history. But was it so? Likewise a Mr. Hezekiah Merritt claims to have built the first cabin and raised the first corn in Scioto county. In order to settle these disputed questions by the testimony of the only living witness who at this time, from his own personal knowledge and recollection can tell anything about the questions in dispute. Mr. Marshall having a strong desire to visit his uncle whom he had not seen for several years, and myself having a strong desire to see and converse with the first pioneer of Scioto county, we accordingly set out on this to me very important expedition.

We went out on the California turnpike through a delightful farming country where every thing appeared to be in a very flourishing and prosperous condition. We arrived at the house of Mr. Samuel Marshall about noon. The old gentleman did not know either of us but after we introduced ourselves he seemed to be overjoyed to see us and wondered what in the world could have taken place to induce any person to visit him in his declining years. We found him to be 85 years of age and in possession of all his mental faculties and his memory very good, particularly with regard to the events of his early life. He was born in Washington county, Pa., June 29th, 1789. His father sold out his property in 1895 and came to the North Western Territory to seek a future home for his family. He came down the Ohio in company with General Anthony Wayne who was sent out by President Washington to conclude a treaty with the Indians whom he had badly whipped the year before.

Mr. Marshall landed at Lino Stone, but being on the wrong side he returned up the river to Manchester a small picketed fort with a few houses that had protected the surveying parties of Nathaniel Massie through the preceding Indian wars. Mr. Marshall had a large family of children some of them grown up to be nearly or quite marriageable. At all events, two of his daughters got married to two of Gen. Massie's surveyors. One married a Mr. Wilburn and the other married Thomas McDonald a brother to the Col. John McDonald, the celebrated Indian scout and hunter.

In February, 1796, Mr. Marshall loaded his goods into his periogue and moved up to a point about three miles above the Scioto river and nearly opposite the mouth of Tygart's creek, where he concluded to locate. The reason of his leaving Manchester and moving above the Scioto was to get on the lands owned by the United States. He had sold his property in Pennsylvania and taken his pay altogether in continental money and he supposed that he could purchase public lands with that kind of money and therefore he wanted to be on the ground when Congress lands should come into market.

He built his house out of pickets or punchcons split out of the body of a tree 3 or 4 inches thick and as wide as the tree would make. He dug a trench in the ground and set these pickets in so as to include a space of 18 or 20 feet square and covered with the same material. He banked the earth up around the outside to keep out the cold winds and used the ground for a floor. Into this he moved his family consisting of four children himself and wife. Two of his daughters had married in Manchester and remained behind. Those who came with him were Jessie and Samuel—the subject of this sketch—and Polly and Salina. This was the first house built and occupied in Scioto Co., other claimants to the contrary not with standing. When the Marshall family moved into that house (if it could be called a house) in the month of February, 1796, there was not another human being either white, black or red in Scioto county. The grand primeval forest surround-

ed them on every side. Gigantic trees from four to six feet in diameter rearing their heads 80 to a 100 feet without a limb and as strait as an arrow. Huge grape vines dangling from their branches gave the scene an awful grand appearance. The tops of the trees being so interwoven with grape vines that the sun never penetrated to the earth while the trees and the vines were clothed with leaves. This solitude did not continue long, for other emigrants soon began to arrive in the county. John Lindsey came up from Manchester in March following and built a log cabin at the mouth of the Little Scioto which was the first regular built log house within the present limits of Scioto Co. These two families constituted the entire population of the county. But to return to the Marshall family. As soon as they got into their house they commenced work to clear off a piece of ground for raising corn. There was no necessity to fence it in for there was neither horses, cattle, hogs or sheep in the county at that time. But there were plenty of Buffalo, Bears, Elks, Deer and Turkeys. Likewise Wolves, Panthers, Catamounts, and the Beaver and Otter in the water. They cleared perhaps three or four acres and planted it in corn, potatoes, and other vegetables for the use of the family. This was without doubt the first attempt at farming in Scioto county. It has been claimed that a man by the name of Merrill cleared a field and raised corn near where Lucasville now stands in the same year. But even if he did he cannot have the credit of being the first pioneer of Scioto county

as he did not remain, but the next year moved to some point higher up the Scioto river. Mr. Marshall continued to reside there for several years. Built a better house to live in and made additions to his corn field. It is both interesting and amusing to listen to Mr. Marshall relating his experiences of pioneer life.

He said when they ran out of meal two of the men would take a canoe and go down to Manchester or Lime Stone to get a supply. It generally took several days to make a trip. While they were gone the family at home had to subsist on meat alone. In order to render it more palatable they used dried or jerked venison (as they called it) for bread and bear meat for pork, so that it was not such bad living after all. After they raised the first crop of corn they got along better. They leveled off the top of a large stump of a huge tree and hollowed it out in the center by chopping and burning till it would hold about a half bushel of corn. They made a pestle by driving an iron wedge into the end of a stick 8 or 10 feet long. This was fastened to the end of a sharp pole so as to hang over the center of the block. They would put a little corn into the block and two men or boys by the aid of the pestle and spring pole could soon pound it fine enough for bread. In order to separate the bran from the meal they made a sieve by making a hoop similar to the hoop of a sieve of the present. But instead of weaving in wire or wooden splits they took a deer skin and stretched it across the hoop and punched it full of small holes. The finest of meal would pass through these

This was made by plaining two small stones about the size of a common grind stone of the present day one on the top of the other. The bed stone was made fast while the other revolved on a pivot in the center. A lever was placed in the outer edge of the revolving stone and placed in a hole through a board over the center of the stone 8 or 10 feet above it. A man would turn the stone by means of the lever with one hand while with the other hand he would feed the mill by throwing a few grains at a time into the eye of the revolving stone. This was better than pounding it in a block because it was all ground into meal fine enough for bread. These minute details may to the present generation seem tedious. But as this is intended to be a correct history of the struggles of the pioneers of Scioto county to obtain a foothold and commence the business of life under the circumstances in which they were placed, we have to relate every minute particular as related by those who yet remain amongst us. The corn grew very large, much larger than they had been used to seeing in Pennsylvania. One day in the fall they were out in the field admiring the tall and stately growth of the corn. Mr. Marshall being then just 7 years of age climbed to the top of one particularly large stalk and placed his feet on the head of W. Rolling a very tall man and stood there. After they had been there a year or two and immigrants coming in and settling around them, a number of young folks boys and girls, crossed over the river to go in swimming on a sand bar. They all stripped off their clothes and left them in the

canoe. While they were enjoying themselves swimming and diving about, a large buck was seen swimming in the river. Two of three of the biggest boys ran to the canoe and put it out to catch the deer. The deer gave them a long chase before they caught him. The canoe had all their clothes and did not return back for several hours and kept the rest of the boys without their clothes till they returned from their deer chase. They caught the buck however and all returned home in high spirits at the success of their day's sport. These incidents are of no significance of themselves; but they show the kind of life the pioneers lived.

During the period of the Indians wars a great many boats were taken and plundered by the Indians. Those who were in the boats were either tomahawked and scalped or taken prisoners and led off to the Indian captivity. Mr. Marshall and his brother Jessie were out in the woods one day and being about a mile up Dawson's run they found a considerable pile of what had once been store goods. There was some jewelry, a considerable quantity of pins, needles, and other things. There were knee buckles and shoe buckles, showing that they belonged to some gentleman of the old school who were about passing off the stage of fashion at that time. The owner never called for them. His father brought a large sum of continental money to this country supposing he could buy land with it. But when the land was surveyed and placed in market, he found that his money was not worth a cent, but fell dead in his hands. We asked

hat became of the money. He said there were rolls and piles of it laying round the house for years and in what way it was used up he could not remember. But the last fifty dollars he saw of it he used up himself. He wanted to run some lead on the end of an arrow to make it shoot further and straiter. So he took this fifty dollar bill of continental money and wrapped the end of the arrow to hold the melted lead and keep it from running out. When the lead cooled he took off the paper and threw it into the fire. That was the last he ever saw of about ten thousand dollars which his father originally brought with him to this country.

In 1812, when the war with England broke out he was 23 years of age and was a member of the first rifle company commanded by Capt. Jack Lidsey, his brother-in-law. In 1813 he went out in the general call of that year and served as he thinks more than 60 days. He made application for a pension under the late law. But as he could not prove more than 40 days service he failed to get a pension. He was one of the old keel-boatmen and made several trips up the Scioto river with government stores for the army. And likewise up to Pittsburg on the Ohio river. In 1824 he built the house he now lives in. He took it upon himself to break up a fashion that prevailed universally at that time, that is furnishing, whisky to drink at every gathering where a man had to call in the assistance of his neighbors either to raise a house, roll logs, husk corn, or in the harvest field. This was long before the temperance question was raised. But

having seen some individual perhaps his father, acting very foolish while under the influence of liquor, he formed the resolution never to taste whisky again.

He prepared the logs for his house. It was a hewed log house and shingle roof. He told his neighbors that he was to raise his house without a drop of whisky. They told him he couldn't do it. He told him then he would or it would not be raised at all. So he invited all his neighbors to come to the raising. They all came, the most of them out of curiosity to see what would come of a house raising without whisky. They went to work with a will and soon had the house raised in good order. Once in a while a man would sing out "pass that bottle round this way." Another would say "ain't you going to fetch out the jug." But "nary" bottle or jug was brought out that day. The people all went home sober and became convinced that a man could actually raise a house without whisky. This practice of furnishing something to drink at all public gatherings once so universally prevailign has now (happily for the good of the community) been totally abolished. Madison township is so clear of all appearance or kind of drinking or intemperance that they hardly understand what this woman's movement against intemperance means. There is probably less whisky drank in Madison township at this time than in any other township in the county. And Mr Marshall may be considered as not only THE pioneer of Scioto county but the pioneer in the temperance cause as well.

Well there is but little more to be said in the life of Mr. Mar-

shall differ from that of any other individual. He has lived an honest, hard working life. Not anxious to accumulate much property; but always punctual in paying his debt. His motto was "always to do right." He was never a member of any church but adopted one of the leading principles of Christian religion. That is to do to others as he wished to have others do to him. In politics he was always a democrat, dyed in the wool as they say. He voted for General Jackson in 1824 when he was cheated out of his election by the House of Representatives. His recollection is good on all political matters from that time to the present. He raised a large family of children five of whom are still living Sarah, Caroline, Rodney, Elizabeth, and Thomas Jefferson. The last two named are living with him and carry on the farm. Elizabeth has one crippled arm which is almost use-

less, but she manages to do the house work without much difficulty. There are now living but three persons who came to the county the first year of its settlement viz: Samuel Marshall, Jr. (His father's name was Samuel of whom an account will be given in another paper.) His sister Mrs. Pyles who lives near him and is a year or two younger, and and Samuel Bonser who lives near Sciotoville. Any person who is curious about such matters and wishes to be well posted as to the first settlement of the county, will do well to have an interview with Mr. Marshall. He was seven years old when he came here. His father's family constituted the whole county. As others came in and the settlement expanded he grew and expanded with the country and know personally every family that came for the next twenty years.

JOHN LINDSEY.

The second family which settled in Scioto county was that of John Lindsey. They came up from Manchester in the month of March 1796 and built a house at the mouth of the Little Scioto river near where Elias Marshall now resides. The family consisted of six sons and two daughters. Some of them men and women grown. Beulah was married to G. Edgington before they came here. Of the others John H. commonly called Jack, Lindsey was the oldest son. He married Polly Marshall which was the first couple married in Scioto county. Where they got their license or who married them tradition is silent. He was also captain of the first

rifle company organized in this county. Oliver, Lemuel, William, Peter T. and James. Margaret married Samuel Perry. They lived at the mouth of the Little Scioto river until the land was entered. They then built a house a mile and a half lower down the river where Towne & McConnell have a brick yard at this time. They cleared a few acres of ground to raise corn and vegetables, but mostly depended on hunting and fishing for a living. The boys took to boating and followed the river as the only means of getting ready money at that time. The old gentleman was not a hunter by profession but was an excel-

lent woodman. For a professional hunter it was more labor and trouble to bring in their game than it was to kill it. So Mr. Lindsey was usually employed to bring in the game after the hunters had killed it. In this way he got his meat. Some of the boys were good hunters but not fond of hard work except boating on the river.

I have heard Jack Lindsey tell my father some of his hunting stories, one of which was that he had heard it said that an old buffalo could not be killed by shooting him in the forehead. That a rifle ball would not penetrate the skull of an old buffalo. So he determined to try the experiment the first opportunity. One day he came across an old buffalo laying down apparently asleep. He got within short rifle range and aimed at the center of his forehead. At the crack of his rifle the buffalo bounded to his feet and pitched at him. As the buffalo came up he dodged behind a tree and thus escaped. The beast made two or three lunges at him but he always saved himself by dodging around the tree. The buffalo walked off about fifty yards and turned round to look at him. He loaded his gun again and took deliberate aim at his forehead as before. Again the buffalo went for him. But by dodging around the tree he eluded the attacks of the beast. The buffalo did not try to get away from him but turned round to look at him after every

attack. They played this game till Lindsey had fired seven shots at the head of the buffalo without bringing him down. He then aimed at a more vital part and dispatched him.

In 1811 Mr. Lindsey sold his congress improvement (as it was called) in the narrows below little Scioto and moved to the spot where Scioto furnace now stands. I do not know the exact date of his death but it was about the year 1815 or 16. He selected his place of burial on the top of the hill about a quarter of a mile south of Scioto furnace. Samuel Marshall dying shortly afterwards chose to be buried in the same place along side of him. Here these two pioneers of Scioto county have rested in almost unknown seclusion for over half a century. They were the first to enter the county to make it their permanent home. They lived here for some time without any other neighbors to hold intercourse with. The two families became united by marriage and both left numerous descendants who still remain among us. It would seem to become the duty of our Pioneer Society to take some action in order to preserve these graves from being deserted or entirely lost so that those who take an interest in such matters could make a pilgrimage to visit them. So that they could say "I have stood by the graves of the two first pioneers of Scioto county, Samuel Marshall and John Lindsey."

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY.

It is not remembered at this time exactly what year Mr. Montgomery came to this county.

But it was shortly after the French began to settle in the Grant. He settled on the river

in what was called the new French Grant. Whether by purchase or otherwise cannot now be ascertained. It is said that he caught the last beaver that was caught in the "Grant." He was a man of industrious habits. In 1811 he located the mill site on Pine Creek now known as the Giant Oak mills. He built a grist mill and saw mills and removed his family consisting of several sons and daughters to the mills where he passed the remainder of his life. He also attached an oil mill to his establishment for the purpose of extracting oil from the seed of flax. At the time of which I am writing nearly every farmer in the country raised a small crop of flax for the purpose of manufacturing domestic linen to clothe their family. The flax seed of course became an article of commerce and exportation. Mr. Montgomery was the inventor of his own press. Instead of a large screw to force down two large beams placed in the form of a pair of rafters, to give a lateral pressure to the seed, after it was prepared and placed in the press he used wedges for the same purpose. Thereby dispensing with a screw and costly machinery for working it. His wedges were placed between the ends of the beams which formed the press. He drove the wedges by raising a heavy piece of timber to the height of five or six feet by cogs in a revolving shaft which carried the driver to the proper height when it came down with tremendous force on the head of the wedge thus forcing the beams endwise which pressed out the oil. When this mill was in operation the falling of the lever could be heard for a distance of

several miles and a stranger would be at a loss to account for such continued and heavy pounding.

Mr. Montgomery was a man of thoughtful and studious habits. He had read the writings of the philosophers of the old school of Deists and Atheists such as Voltaire, Volney, Hume, Thomas Paine and others. He had adopted their views and opinions on religious subjects and was fond of conversing with men who held to the same religious opinions, (if such opinions could be called religious.)

It is hard to give a detailed account of a great many of the pioneers of Scioto county as there are no records extant. And their descendants know very little about them as to where they came from or when they came here, and if it were not for these imperfect sketches their history would be lost entirely. In fact the pioneers were not seeking for fame or notoriety in any shape. But simply to secure a home for themselves and families. They were men who followed the ordinary pursuits of life. Some of them were hunters by profession and wanted to be where game was abundant. If they had been aware that they were destined to become subjects of interest to the generations who succeeded them, they would no doubt have left ample records of everything connected with their history. But as the case now stands we have very little date to start from and are dependant on tradition and the personal recollections of some of our oldest inhabitants. It is a matter of surprise to see how little is remembered by the children or grand children of some of our first

ettlers. They simply know that their father or grand father was among the first settlers of the county. But as to the date or time of their coming they know very little about it. I do not claim to be exactly correct in all the statements made in these Historical Sketches. But I believe they are as near the truth as can at this time be ascertained. One assurance that I

have of the truth of these statements is the fact that they have not been contradicted by any one living in the county who may be supposed to have a knowledge of the facts. There are a good many yet living here whose parents were among the first settlers. I call upon them to state the facts in the case if I have misstated them.

PHILIP SALLADAY.

Was one of the first settlers of Scioto county. It cannot now be ascertained what year he came, but is believed as early as 1796. He was one of the old hunters and claimed to have killed the last buffalo that was killed in this part of the country. The story as related to me by George Salladay a few years before his death was as follows: I asked him if he knew who killed the last buffalo in this part of the country, and if so, about what time. He said he could not give the exact date, but he believed that his father killed the last buffalo in Scioto county. Large game such as buffalo and bear were getting scarce near the river and his father concluded to go a distance of 10 or 12 miles to the head waters of Pine Creek and take a buffalo and bear hunt. Deer and turkey were too small game for the hunters of that day. George was about 12 years old and accompanied his father to take a hunt of several days duration. They made their camp on the bank of Pine Creek near the upper line of what is now called Vernon township. They had not been there long before they espied a buffalo within range of

their rifles. The old gentleman raised his gun and fired. The buffalo did not fall but started to run towards them. The old man without waiting to give George a chance to fire snatched the gun out of his hands and fired and brought the buffalo down. George Salladay thinks this was the last buffalo or at least he never heard of any other being killed after that. Shalrach Chaffin who married a daughter of Philip Salladay says that buffalo was killed on the upper end of his farm.

Philip Salladay and his wife spoke and read the German language and I think they were raised in some one of the cantons of Switzerland. They emigrated to this country about the close of the revolutionary war and settled in the western part of Pennsylvania. As soon as the North Western Territory was opened up for settlement he removed with his family to the west and bought the lower most lot in the French Grant on the Ohio river. Here he cleared land built houses and barns. Planted orchards and made meadows and raised a family consisting of nine children, four sons and five

daughters. Women suffered from the hardships of settling a new country much more than the men. They were cut off from the privileges of society and the enjoyment of certain small luxuries, so dear to the heart of every woman who has enjoyed the happiness of housekeeping in our older settlements. It is true there was plenty to eat such as it was. But who wants to be confined to "Hog and Hominy" the year round. This brings to mind an old couplet that used to be often repeated in regard to living in this country. It was something like this,

"You can have plenty of pork and pone
If you don't like this, you can let it alone."

Mrs. Salladay came to the conclusion that she would not stand this kind of living but would go back to where she came from and live better or at least get a supply of such articles as she needed and return. Traveling in those days was not as expeditious nor as pleasant as it is now. But yet people and even women traveled sometimes. So Mrs. Salladay engaged a passage in a canoe which was going up the river to the nearest point to her place of destination. Whether they camped on the bank of the river or stopped at some house, tradition does not say. But at all event she left her family and went back to Pennsylvania in a canoe. After enjoying herself among her friends till she was satisfied, she purchased such small articles of luxury and comfort as were necessary to her in her western home such as coffee, tea, pepper, spices, and calico and muslins which were very necessary in dressing small children. She returned to her family lived to be very old, surviving her husband and all her children who died with

the consumption except George. She was a member of the old Tygart's Creek Baptist Church was at the organization of that church the first organized religious body in this part of the country. We find the name of Philip Salladay recorded as one of the Grand Jurors for Scioto county in the June term of 1804 thereby showing that he was one of the leading men of the county at that early day. He fell a victim to hereditary consumption which he transmitted to all his children. But it did not develop itself in early life. His children nearly all got married and left numerous families before the fell destroyer seized them. It may be said that George was an exception. But not so. It did not develop itself in him at all. He died of old age. But yet the disease was there. His own children escaped but some of his grand children have died with the consumption which they in all probability inherited from their great grand father although it had lain dormant through two generations.

An attempt was made to arrest the progress of the disease by a process which has been practiced in numerous instances but without success. Samuel Salladay, the oldest son had served a campaign in the army and soon after his return home took the consumption and died. Shortly after the old man took it and died and several others of the family began to manifest symptoms of the disease. John Salladay was the next to die. They now resolved to disinter one of the victims, take his entrails and burn them in a fire prepared for the purpose in the presence of the surviving members of the family. This was accordingly

done in the winter of 1716 or 17 in the presence of a large concourse of spectators who lived in the surrounding neighborhood. Major Amos Wheeler of Wheelersburg was employed to disembowel the person and commit them to the flames. Samuel Saladay was the one they disentered

and offered up as a sacrifice, to stop if possible the further spread of the disease. But like other superstitious notions with regard to curing diseases it proved of no avail. The other members of the family continued to die off until the last one was gone except George.

GEORGE COCHRANE.

Was another of the pioneers of Scioto county. It is not now remembered the precise time that he came here but it is supposed that he came in the year 1799. He was a brother of Wm. Lawson and they came together in the same boat. He came from Virginia and settled up near the mouth of the Little Scioto. He was a poor man and worked around among his neighbors for a living. He was good at wiring clapboards and as all the houses of that day were covered with clapboards they gave him a good deal of employment. He was one of the old keelboat men, a class very nearly extinct. They gave him the nick name of "Old Spread." How that name originated I never heard but certain it is that he was more univesally known by the name of Old Spread than by George Cochrane. He followed digging wells as a part of his occupation. He died a few years ago near Portsmouth at a very advanced age. Some of his children are living about here now. As nearly every pioneer had something to do with hunting of course he had his bear story to tell.

He was riding along the bank of the river by himself one day just after a man had crossed and made his canoe fast to the shore

and left it. When Mr. Cochrane came along he espied a bear swimming in the river. He concluded the best thing for him to do was to take the canoe and catch the bear. So without further consideration he got into the canoe and gave chase to the bear. He soon overtook Mr. Bruin which as is customary with the bear under such circumstances turned round and elambered up into the bow of the canoe. Bruin was a rather formidable looking antagonist for a man to attack with nothing but a light paddle in his hands. Not knowing exactly how long it would be before the bear would attack him he concluded that "discretion was the better part of valor" and so jumped out of the stern of the canoe into the river and swam ashore. Leaving Mr. Bruin sole proprietor of the canoe to go where he pleased and report to whom he pleased. Mr. Cochrane mounted his horse and went on his way rejoicing that he had escaped the clutches of the bear so easily. Whether he had to pay for the canoe or not tradition is silent and what became of the bear and the canoe is equally left in the dark. But it is altogether likely that the man who owned the canoe never heard of it again.

WILLIAM & JOHN LUCAS.

Two brothers came to this county in 1796, and landed at the mouth of the Scioto river, where Alexandria was afterwards laid out. They came from old Virginia, and were possessed of considerable means. They had been well educated, and belonged to the best society of the Old Dominion. Their father had served with some distinction in the war of the revolution. For which service he received warrants to locate lands in the Virginia Military land district lying between the Scioto and Little Miami rivers. As soon as the Indian wars were determined by the treaty of Greenville, the brothers Lucas came to the west in order to secure good locations before all the best lands were taken up. They landed at the mouth of the Scioto, as we said before, but they soon discovered that all the lands near the mouth of that river were subject to inundation by freshets in the Ohio, so they went about six miles up the Scioto, and located the large bottom above Pond Creek. As it was said before, they were men of ample means, and being industrious and enterprising, they soon had farms cleared and under cultivation, with all the means and appliances belonging to older settlements. They were men of education, and abitious, and exercised a commanding influence over the destinies of the rising community which grew up around them. They took an active part in all the measures necessary to establish good order and government, and to place the country in a condition to be

governed by laws. When Scioto county was organized, in 1803, and the constitution of the State adopted, Joseph Lucas was appointed one of the first three associate judges to sit on the bench with the presiding judge in all trials in the court of common pleas. This office he held for a number of years, perhaps till his death, which took place in the year——. He left a widow and several children who survived him. His widow Hannah Lucas was a woman of superior abilities, and was looked up to for assistance by all the neighboring women in cases of sickness, or where advice or help was needed. She lived to be quite old before she died.

William Lucas was brought to an untimely end by the falling of a tree. It was about the year——. The people living in the Lucas neighborhood being mostly Presbyterians concluded to build a meeting house, for the purpose of holding religious worship. As was customary in those days when a meeting house or school house was to be built, the neighbors who expected to occupy it would meet together on a day agreed upon before hand, and go to work and build the house. Each person doing whatever he could to get up the building. Some cutting down the trees and cutting the logs into suitable lengths. Others with hauling the logs to the place of building. Others employed themselves in putting up the building. In this way, if there was a general turn out among the people, they generally cut the logs, haul-

ed them together and got up the body of the house in one day. After that a few of the most earnest of them would meet and put on the roof, cut out the doors and windows and lay a rough floor, and if it was in warm weather, the house was done and ready for use either as a church or school house.

The citizens of the Lucas settlement were very busy building a Presbyterian meeting house just above the mouth of Pond Creek in the manner described above. It was perhaps the first church building of any kind attempted to be built, in Scioto Co. I say attempted to be built, for it never was finished, and tradition does not say that meetings were ever held in it. However, the men were all busily engaged at work, and William Lucas, (the subject of this sketch,) was hauling logs with a four horse team and riding one of the horses. There was a tree fell and lodged near where he had to pass, but before he could get out of the way the tree came down. He leaned over to one side in order to avoid the falling tree, but it struck him on the side of the head and killed him instantly. If he had remained upright as he sat on his horse the tree would have missed him without hurting either him or his horse. But late ordered it otherwise and he lost his life in trying to save it.

He left a widow and two sons named William and Adrian. There seemed to be a fatality attending the name of William.

His son William, at some subsequent period, had a tree to fall on him which crippled him for life. He was always designated and known as lame Bill Lucas to distinguish him from his cousin of the same name. The Lucas

brothers gave their children as good an education as could be had in the country at that early day. Lame William was once elected County Commissioner, and made a good record. Adrian served as Township Clerk for several years. He still lives in Iowa.

The death of William Lucas at the building of the meeting house, rather put a stop to that enterprise, and some irregularities taking place among some of the leading members of church and the Rev. Mr. Sweney, the preacher in charge, being somewhat mixed up with it, got into bad order on account of it, and left the neighborhood. He went up into Pike to live, but his bad reputation following him, and not being able to bear the scandal attached to his name, put a period to his life by hanging himself in a back building, with a chain. Ropes were not plenty in those days.

Mr. Sweney was one of those, natural born orators, so common in those days in the backwoods country among the pioneers, who could operate upon the passions and feelings to such a degree, as to carry an audience with him, almost in spite of their own convictions. I have known several of this class of preachers to settle down in a neighborhood, having a little learning to help them out, and in the course of two or three years, simply by the power of their own native eloquence, to build up a church of two or three hundred members. The whole community seemed to be carried away by them. This would last just as long as the preacher stayed among them; as soon as he would have a call to go to some other place perhaps to do the same

hing over again in in some other neighborhood, the church which seemed to be in so flourishing a condition, would soon become demoralized, and, notwithstanding other preachers would rise up in their midst, and make strenuous exertions to keep the church alive, yet they would fall all too pieces, so to speak, and in a short time hardly be able to keep up a church organization. Mr. Sweney had two organizations of this kind, one located on the head waters of Scioto Brush Creek, where they built a church close to a Methodist church. They were called Sweneyites, in contradistinction from other denominations. But poor human nature is sometimes frail, and preachers are not exempt from weaknesses that sometimes overcomes them. Mr. Sweney was no exception to the rule, and he fell, and the churches he built up, with so much labor, fell with him, and the denomination of Sweneyites died out and became extinct.

In writing these historical

sketches, one is placed in a difficult position, very frequently through fear of offending some of the living representatives of the persons and times he is describing. A great many incidents and circumstances transpired in those days that would make very interesting reading, if it were not for fear of offending some persons, who, perhaps, would be glad to have them buried in oblivion, therefore we have to pass them over.

Joseph Lucas had three sons, named William, Joseph and Samuel. The name of Lucas has become extinct in this part of the county. He also had two daughters one married a man by the name of Brown, and lived in Pike county, the other married Jacob Hibbs, who has three children, living in Portsmouth. William Russell is married to the daughter. Joseph L. and Jacob Hibbs are engaged in the hardware business, and are two of our most enterprising merchants.

CAPT. WILLIAM LUCAS.

We come now to speak of the father of William and Joseph Lucas, who came to this county in the latter part of the year 1800, and settled where Lucasville now stands. Capt. William Lucas was born in 1742 in old Virginia. He was but ten years younger than General Washington, and was raised and educated in the same part of the country, or somewhere near. He belonged to the old aristocratic first families of Virginia; that is, he owned land and negroes, which was sufficient to make a man respectable in the Old Dominion.

He served throughout the revolutionary war, and arose to the rank of captain. As soon as the Indian wars ceased in the North Western Territory, two of his sons, William and Joseph, came and located land in the Military District. In about four years afterward, he sold out his possessions in Virginia, and came on with the rest of his family.

There was a strong feeling existing against slavery at this time throughout the slave holding States, and we find, in reading the early history of Ohio, that a great many of the best class of

emigrants to Ohio, were formerly of the slave holding class. As to whether Mr. Lucas sold any of his slaves or not, tradition is silent; but he brought several of them with him, who, of course, became free, and they were long afterwards known as Lucas' negroes. Very little is known of his life, but one circumstance he used to relate with a great deal of satisfaction, was that he was a Jeffersonian Democrat in politics. Jefferson was a candidate for the Presidency of the United States in the year 1800, against John Adams, who was then President. Adams headed the Federal party, which had had control of the government for twelve years, ever since the government had been established. Jefferson headed the Democratic party, which had never yet had control of the government. The campaign had been characterized by all the animosity which has been manifested in subsequent Presidential campaigns. Lucas had cast his vote for Jefferson before he started for the West, but in those days election returns were slow coming in—there were no telegraphs or railroads to facilitate the transmission of news.

He put up at a tavern on the road, where the landlord was as strong a Democrat as Lucas; a traveler came along and stopped at the same house, who brought the news that Jefferson was the successful candidate. As Lucas used to tell the story, the news was so good that he and the tavern keeper both got gloriously drunk. Of course, the Lucas family were all Democrats, and remained so to the end of their lives, except lame Bill, as they called him. If I remember correctly, he was elected county commissioner on the whig ticket.

But little more remains to be said of the old gentleman. He brought six children with him, three sons and three daughters, all well educated. One of his daughters married a man by the name of Buckles, another one by the name of Creamor, the other married a Mr. Sternberger, one of the great stock raisers of Pike county. Samuel, I have no knowledge of; Robert and John became conspicuous in the politics of the country. The old gentleman died in July, 1814, aged seventy-two years. Susannah Lucas, his wife, died in May, 1809, aged sixty-four years.

JOHN LUCAS.

John Lucas came to this country with his father in the year 1800. We do not hear much of him till about the commencement of the war, in 1812. The Lucases were military men, and took a very active part in organizing the militia of Scioto county. When Governor Meigs issued his call for volunteers, to go to the frontiers to guard against the depredations of the Indians in

the spring of 1812, John Lucas was among the first to respond to the call. Scioto county sent two companies to the front, at that time, one commanded by Capt. David Rupe and the other by Capt. John Lucas. It is unnecessary to go into the history of that campaign, as it has been told once or twice before. Suffice it to say, that he was surrendered a prisoner of war to the

British at Detroit under General Hull, and he gave his parole of honor not to take up arms again until regularly exchanged. We now lose sight of him, until the year 1819, when he laid out the town of Lucasville, and opened a tavern for the accommodation of travelers. Lucasville did not improve rapidly; some lots were sold, and a few small houses built. However, it holds its own, and

has got to be a place of some trade, but not of much importance. John Lucas continued to keep tavern there till 1825, when he died. Whatever became of his family, I never have heard. Lucas' tavern was the head quarters of the Democratic party, from its first organization in Scioto county, until long after the death of Mr. Lucas.

ROBERT LUCAS.

We now come to one in the family who for forty years, occupied a large space in the politics of the country. He came with his father to this county, in 1800, of mature age, and qualified, both by education and practice, to take a very active part in all the matters pertaining to organizing and placing the new State and county in a proper condition for self government. We see by the records of the first courts held in this county, that Joseph Lucas, his brother, was appointed an associate judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and Robert Lucas county surveyor. This was in 1804. He took an active part in organizing the militia, as it was the policy of the government of that day, to dispense with a standing army, and depend upon a well organized militia for the defense of the country in time of war. The county was organized into one regiment, two battalions, and ten companies; the regiment met once a year for training and mustering, and they held their general musters as it was called, on the farm of Martin Funk, it being the most central point in the county. Lucas was the first Brig-

dier General in the country. The battalions and companies met two or three time a year, to drill. Delinquents were always fined, and the fines were generally collected, so that mustering in that day was no mere child's play, but always meant business and had to be attended to.

In 1808, a 4th of July celebration was held on the farm of Major Isaac Bonser, which was a grand affair for that day. People came from far and near; it was not a little neighborhood affair, such as we have now a days, but they came from distances of thirty or forty miles. General Lucas was the principal man of the day, and delivered the oration. He was well qualified both by education and abilities, to take the lead in all the enterprizes of the period, but he had one weakness, which sometimes led him into trouble, that was too great a fondness for women, having got into a difficulty of this kind in the year 1810, which gave him a considerable share of trouble. He had married Margaret Brown a daughter of Esquire John Brown, who kept a tavern at the lower end of Portsmouth, and was living

in the family of his father-in-law. A girl of the neighborhood laid a child to his charge, and called upon him to pay damages, this he declined to do, and set the officers of the law at defiance. A process was procured to take him to jail, which was the law in those days. This was a bad predicament for a man of General Lucas' character and standing in the community, to be placed in. When the sheriff went to take him to jail, he fought so vigorously that he beat the sheriff off, and would not be taken to jail at all. Thereupon, when the sheriff found that he could not execute the law without endangering his life, he resigned. The duties of the sheriff then devolved upon the coroner; the coroner then made an attempt to take Lucas to jail, but he failed also, and he resigned. Lucas then threatened to kill the clerk that issued the writ to take him to jail, that scared him and he resigned. This was a bad state of affairs—Scioto county had neither Clerk, Sheriff or Coroner to execute the laws. One man had them all under cow. The question was raised in this crisis, have we any man in Scioto county willing to execute the the laws, and take General Lucas to jail? Upon this John R. Turner, a young man who was teaching school in Alexandria, stepped to the front, and said if they would make him their clerk, he would issue a writ for General Lucas to jail. Thereupon, John R. Turner was appointed clerk of the court of common pleas, which office he held for over forty years. Then a sheriff was wanted. Elijah Glover, who was keeping a tavern on the other side of the alley, opposite to Esqr. Brown's tavern, stepped to the front, and said, make me sheriff, and by G—, I'll

take Lucas to jail or any other man. So Elijah Glover was sworn in as sheriff. The people then expected to see fun. Glover summoned a few friends to stand by him in case of necessity, and proceeded to Esqr. Brown's tavern in search of Lucas. He found Lucas sitting on the porch looking for him. Glover stepped up and showed him the writ, telling him that he had come to take him to jail, and Lucas submitted as quietly as could be, and was walked off to jail between two of his assistants, and gave no trouble at all. Old Squire Brown, who was quite a diminutive man, seeing his son-in-law, Lucas, dragged off to jail, made some demonstrations, as if he would like to rescue him out of the hands of the officers. But Nathan Glover, a brother of the sheriff, being a strong and powerful man, picked him up and threw him into a bunch of gimpson weeds that grew near, and told him to lay there; and keep quiet, or he might get into trouble. So it was proved by actual demonstration, that there were laws in Scioto county, and men with sufficient nerve to execute them. When, Lucas, finding that the laws must be obeyed, he compromised the matter and got out of jail. I will refer to this matter again further along.

In 1811, or about that time, his first child was born, and his wife being a weakly woman, went into a decline, lingering all summer, and in the latter part of the year, she died. Whilst staying with his wife, during her long and protracted illness, Lucas lived with his father-in-law, Esquire Brown, who kept tavern in Portsmouth, and amused himself by trying to construct a perpetual motion. Whether he did it merely for amusement, or whether he really

JOHN LUCAS, GEN. LUCAS & LAWRECNE DELAWDER.

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The spring of 1812 brought on the war with England. That event roused the patriotism of every person in the land, and no man went into it with more enthusiasm, than General Lucas.

When the call was issued in April, by Governor Meigs, for

two regiments from Southern Ohio, to go to the front, General Lucas was among the first to respond to the call. There were two companies went from this county, one commanded by his brother John Lucas, and one by Captain Rupo. He did not join either of those companies, but went on his own account, expecting to receive an appointment in the regular army or on the staff of Governor Meigs. But, as it was, he did not receive either. However, he went with the army under General Hull and performed such duties as were assigned to him. He was with the army in Canada, when they made a demonstration against Malden, and likewise in the battle of Brownstown. He was surrendered at Detroit, on the 17th of August, and gave his parole of honor not to take up arms again until exchanged. The next year, 1813, he went out as Brigadier General, at the general call of that year. They went to Sandusky, but too late to be of any service, as the British and Indians had been driven off before they got there. The campaign lasted forty-four days, when every man was at home again, and at his usual avocations.

This appears to have ended General Lucas military life. We next hear of him as a politician. In the fall of 1814, he was elected to the Senate of the State of Ohio. Here he remained, I believe, without failing to be re-elected, until 1828, a period of fourteen years, so that in politics, he seemed to succeed much better than

he did in the military line. I cannot at this time call to mind the different candidates that ran against him at the different elections that took place every two years. But one candidate I remember well. I cannot call to mind the exact year, but it was somewhere between 1820 and 1824, that the opponents of Lucas, knowing they could not bring out a man who was able to beat him, and, in order to show their contempt for him, (he had his enemies as well as friends,) they brought out a Pennsylvania Dutchman, who lived in Vernon township, by the name of Lawrence Delawder. He was a very ignorant man so far as books were concerned, and perhaps could not read or write at all, but nature had been liberal in her gifts, and he was known throughout the country for his shrewdness and comical expressions. The enemies of Lucas got around Delawder, and by flattering him a little, they got him to come out and run against Lucas for the Senate. Candidates for office in those days were not brought out as they are at present by primary meetings, caucuses and conventions, but every man who chose to do so, ran for office on his own account. Therefore, they made Lawrence Delawder believe that he would be elected if he would come out and run for the Senate against Lucas. It was a very funny canvass, and Lucas was somewhat mortified at the kind of opposition that was brought to bear against him. However, he was elected as usual, but his enemies were so embittered against him, that in order to show their spite, Delawder got a good many votes. After the election was over, some one asked Lawrence

how it came that he was not elected? "Well," says Lawrence, "my chance was purty good until that tam great God Almighty General Lucas came along riding, his tam big grey horse, which is like as not was not paid for, and all the tam fools voted for him."

Lawrence Delawder was a pioneer of Scioto county, and as such, it becomes necessary to say something more about him. If we could use the same kind of English that Sterne did, when he wrote *Tristram Shandy*, we could convey a much better idea of the state of society and the morals of the country as they existed at that day, than we can with our improved morals and refined manner of speaking. Therefore we have to pass over a great many incidents and witty sayings which would be very interesting reading, but good taste forbids, so we have to do the best we can under the circumstances.

Raccoon hunting was practiced a good deal in the early settlement of the country; their flesh was good to eat, and their skins would sell for cash, which the pioneers needed. The usual practice in hunting "coons, was to go into the woods at night with dogs and an axe; when the dogs treed a 'coon, they would bark up the tree in such a manner as to leave no doubt which tree the coon was on. They then fell to work and cut the treedown. The dogs generally secured the coon before it could reach another tree. Lawrence went out one night to hunt coons, and in a short time the dogs treed one on rather a large tree. After surveying the tree for some time, he concluded that it would be easier to climb the tree and shake the coon off, than to cut the tree

down. Accordingly, he went up the tree, and saw the coon sitting at the outer end of a limb some distance from the body of the tree. He started out on the limb to shake the coon off, but before he got near enough to do so, the limb broke, and they went to the ground—Lawrence, coon and limb, altogether. The dogs pitched in as it was their duty to do, and instead of one coon they thought they had two, they bit and worried poor Lawrence some time, before he could get his dogs to understand that he was not a coon, and that he had some rights that dogs were bound to respect. Afterwards, in repeating this story to his friends, he would say he "thought it was most tam hard times when the dogs was shaking and worring of him."

On another occasion Delawder was at a log rolling or house raising, or some gathering of that sort, where he got into a fight. His antagonist got him down, with his face to the ground, and was on his back pounding him with his fist, but not hurting him much. Lawrence's friends called out to him to know if he was whipped, and if so to cry out enough, and they would take the fellow off. "Never mind, says Lawrence wait till I get my breath a little, and I'll give it to him." So after Lawrence had rested sufficiently, he gave a spring, and turned the man under, and gave him a severe beating, and made him cry enough in short order. This feat raised Lawrence to the pinnacle of fame; he was a great hero, and he had learned them some new tactics in fighting.

It was customary in the early settlement of the country, for every family to make their own sugar. If the trees did not grow

near the house, so they could make it at home, they selected a grove of sugar trees, where ever they could find them in sufficient numbers to justify making a camp. They generally erected a rude camp of logs, or puncheons, to protect them from wind and rain, and during the sugar making season would live in the camp until the sugar making season was over. The first run of sap in the spring, always made the best sugar, equal to Muscavado or New Orleans sugar; as the season advanced, the sugar became waxy and dark colored, and still later, it would only make molasses. The very last work of sugar making, was to make a barrel of vinegar. Now we come to what I want to tell. Lawrence Delawder had a brother living in the same neighborhood, named Isaac; they were not on friendly terms; in fact, they were bitter enemies, and took every opportunity to do each other private injury. Lawrence and his wife had been visiting a neighbor one Sunday, in the latter part of sugar making, and as they went home in the afternoon, they passed through Isaac's sugar camp, seeing no person about, Lawrence says to his wife, "you walk on slowly while I stop a few minutes, and put the mother in Isaac's vinegar."

After this digression, we return to General Lucas. He served in the Ohio Senate till 1828, when General Kendall beat him for that office. That was a very spirited contest, and requires to be given somewhat in detail, it was the year of the presidential campaign when General Jackson was elected president of the United States. The campaign was conducted on both sides with a great

deal of bitterness and acrimony. Robert Lucas was a member of the Senate of Ohio, and a candidate for re-election; he was also placed on the electoral ticket of the Jackson party, for Presidential elector.

General W. Kendall was a candidate for the Ohio Senate, and likewise on the electoral ticket of the administration party for the re-election of John Q. Adams. There was little or no public speaking at that time; stump speaking had not come into vogue yet, but the newspapers were as full of abuse and vituperation as they are at the present day. The administration of John Quincy Adams was perhaps as pure as any administration that preceded it; but he was a minority president, that is, General Jackson received the highest number of votes in the electoral college, and Henry Clay the lowest number. The election then went to the House of Representatives—it lay between John Q. Adams, James H. Crawford and Andrew Jackson. By a vote of the States John Q. Adams was elected, each State being allowed one vote. This incensed the Jackson party beyond all bounds; they thought as he had the highest number of votes, he ought to have been the President. As soon as Adams was inaugurated, he appointed Henry Clay Secretary of State. The Jackson party immediately raised the cry of corruption, bargain and sale; they charged it upon Adams as having bought Clay, which was equivalent to buying the Presidency. It was supposed that Henry Clay could control a number of States in the Presidential election about to take place, and that Adams, previous to the election, had made a bargain with

Clay to give him the highest place in his cabinet if Clay would bring his friends to the support of Adams, if he should be elected. This charge of bargain and sale was repeated so often, that every Jacksonian believed it, and even the friends of Adams began to think there was some truth in it.

On the other side, the friends of Adams pitched into General Jackson's military record, and attempted to prove that if he should be elected president, we would soon sink into a military despotism. When Jackson commanded the army that was sent from Tennessee down South to fight the Creek Indians, it was composed almost exclusively of militia and volunteers. Discipline was not very rigid, and when the men's term of service began to expire, they thought they had the right to quit the service, and come home; and a good many of them did desert and started for home. The army became very much demoralized, and Jackson soon discovered that unless he could put a stop to the desertion of his men, he would soon be left without an army. Therefore he had six of them taken up, tried by a court martial, condemned and shot. This circumstance was hunted up and paraded before the country as an act of unparalleled barbarity. They published handbills, as large as a newspaper, with six large coffins printed on them, and a history of the individual underneath each coffin, and spread them broadcast over the country. They were long after spoken of as the coffin handbills. Another charge of cruelty was repeated, till every person in the land knew it by heart, that was when Jackson defeated the Indians at the horse shoe bend of the Talaposa river.

He killed and nearly exterminated the whole tribe; some of them had secreted themselves in the drift-wood and bushes; the next morning after the battle, they hunted them up, and killed the balance of them. General Jackson in his dispatch to the Secretary of War, after giving the details of the battle, finished his letter by saying—"this morning we killed sixteen more of them."

This was looked upon as being very inhuman, and an unnecessary shedding of blood. He was next sent to New Orleans, to defend that city. Here he committed some high handed acts, which were made much of. He suspended the writ of *habeas corpus*, and placed the city under martial law; ordered every man into the ranks, that could shoulder a musket, and imprisoned Judge Hall, for interposing the law civil in opposition to some of his military operations. Although he gained a signal victory, and saved the city from being sacked by the enemy, yet all these charges were preferred against him, when he was a candidate for the Presidency.

I make these statements in order to show the character of the campaign. It was charged that if General Jackson should be elected President, he would recognize no law but his own will, and that his supporters were no better than he was. In order to prove this assertion, they raked up some old documents in the shape of military orders that General Lucas had issued, while he was lying in jail for seduction, some eighteen years before. One of these orders we reproduce, copied from the *Western Times*, of October 4, 1828.

Portsmouth Sep., 15th, 1810.

CAPTAIN LINDSAY:—You are requested to attend at Portsmouth immediately, armed, and as many of your neighbors as are willing to support the Constitution, as the resolutional party has, by violence forced me into prison. If you respect the the constitution of your country, which you are sworn to support, you will attend immediately and defend your constitutional officers.

You will please attend at Mr. Brown's as soon as possible, as there will doubtless be a number in town by that time that will unite with you in supporting the constitution of the State. I am with every sentiment of respect, your obedient and very humble servant.

ROBT. LUCAS.

CAPT. JOHN M. LINDSAY,

Here follows the endorsement on the fold of the order

Elijah Glover,	} The damn raskels that mob- ed me.
Nathan Glover,	
Nimrod J. Hogue,	
Alexander McClane,	
John H. Thornton.	

The foregoing is a true copy, word for word, and letter for letter, of one of many of the original orders issued by Robert Lucas, while imprisoned in the jail of the county, on a *cas sa*, for the mere molehill crime of seduction.

Thus it was proved point blank that not only General Jackson was an overbearing, despotical tyrant, who would respect no law but his own will, but his supporters were also of the same character, and disposition. It so happened, that on the day that Lucas was put in jail, there was a general muster of the regiment at Funk's when he issued the above order for the Captains to march their companies into town, and rescue him from jail. The sheriff found

out what was going on, and rode out to the muster ground, and commanded those same Captains to repair to town to guard the jail. The Captains had discretion enough to obey the Sheriff, in preference to the orders of their General.

This system of electioneering perhaps had a good deal of influence in determining the result of the election. General Kendall was elected to the Senate, but General Lucas was elected Presidential elector. Kendall had a great many friends and no enemies, and in the Senatorial district, he came out far ahead of Lucas, who always had a happy faculty of making some enemies as he went along. But the State going in favor of Jackson, Lucas was elected.

In 1832, the democratic party being fully organized, brought Lucas out for Governor of the State. He was elected, and made a very good Governor, and I believe he was reelected in 1834. In 1838, he was appointed by Van Buren, Governor of Iowa, and this wound up his political career in Ohio. He sold off his property and removed to that flourishing territory, where he remained till the day of his death.

A few words now as to his domestic history, and we have done. He was first married to Margaret Brown about the year 1810. The next year she died with the consumption, leaving one child, a daughter. He remained single till about the year 1818, when he married for his second wife,

Friendly Sumner, daughter of Edward Sumner, a wealthy farmer of the French Grant. He purchased a tract of land about two miles from Piketon, in Pike county, and there he built an elegant mansion, and otherwise improved the place, till he had one of the finest country residences in the State. They left a portion of the original forest standing near the house, in all its primeval grandeur. Mrs. Lucas, being a woman of taste, decorated it with all the care and skill she could bring to bear upon it; she called it Friendly Grove, from her own name. Mr. Lucas spent all the time he could spare from his official duties at home, working on his farm. The neighbors all spoke highly of him as being a good neighbor, and a very friendly gentleman in all his intercourse with those who had any dealings with him. His daughter, which he had by his first wife, grew up to be a fine young lady, and married Horatio Nelson Sumner, Mrs. Lucas' youngest brother, thus becoming father-in-law to his own brother-in-law. When he received the appointment of Governor of Iowa, he sold off all his possessions in Ohio, and removed his family to his new field of labor. He had seven children by his last wife, and when he left for Iowa, the rest of the Lucases all left for the same place, so that the name of Lucas has become extinct in this part of the country, except the name of Lucasville, which will remain as long as the city of Lucasville has an existence.

DAVID GHARKY.

In writing the biographical sketch of David Gharky, we have

authentic records from which to draw our material. He had the

consideration to write out his full history, and had it printed for the benefit of his children.

From this autobiography, we gather the following particulars:

David Gharky was born on the 13th, of February, 1775, in the town of Stargard, Pomerania, Kingdom of Prussia, during the reign of the Great Frederiek, whom he had the satisfaction of seeing twice in his early years. His father was a man of considerable property in the town where he lived, and followed distilling and brewing and keeping tavern. He was sent to school while very young, where he made rapid progress in his studies. His mother died in his seventh year, and his father married again in a short time, and brought home a step mother to take charge of the family; his step mother proved to be a harsh, severe woman to live under, frequently chastising him for every trifling offense, and not allowing him to go out and play with other boys, or allowing other boys to come to the house to play with him. He was kept constantly at school, which was the only place where he could enjoy himself. His father paid but little attention to him, further than to whip him for every little misdemeanor that he might be charged with. He was sent to church twice every Sabbath, and had, on his return home, to repeat the hymn sung and the text preached from, and a large portion of the sermon preached. In fact his memory was so good, that he could repeat a sermon almost verbatim from beginning to ending without making a mistake. His parents found it easier to send him to church and get his report of the

sermon than to go and hear it for themselves. He attended school until he acquired a knowledge of the common branches of education, and had made considerable progress in the acquirement of latin. His father designed him for the church, and intended to make a preacher of him. But his treatment was so severe at home, that he went and apprenticed himself to a joiner by trade, and served three years to learn the house joiner's trade, and became a journeyman carpenter. It was the custom in that country at that time that no man could set up business as a master workman, until he had traveled three or four years and worked in different towns and places as a journeyman.

He was still young when he set out on his wanderings, as he called it, and was frequently reduced to great distress on account of being taken in by sharpers and gamblers. He frequently had to write home to his father to send him funds to get him out of debt, and other difficulties. He visited nearly all the principal cities of Germany, and acquired a large stock of information, besides becoming a first rate workman at his trade. At the end of five years wanderings, he visited his father, whom he had not seen during all that time. His father was so well-pleased with his appearance, that he tried to induce him to settle in his native town, and to marry a rich widow with seven children. His father was so intent on his marrying the widow that they quarreled, and he left home again.

Being in a seaport town, he entered into an arrangement, with forty others, to emigrate to

America. When the vessel got ready to sail, he called on the others to go aboard, but not a man of them would go—they all backed out of the arrangement. So he was compelled to come by himself. He landed in Philadelphia in the fall of 1796. He soon obtained work, but finding himself in a strange land, ignorant of the language (even those who spoke the same language, he could hardly understand,) every thing being different from what he had been used to, that he soon determined to return back to his native country. He engaged a passage, and made preparations to return, but he had undertaken to make a desk which he was anxious to finish, and while working at his desk, the ship sailed away, and left him. There being no other packet ready to sail, he concluded to go to Pittsburg, as having a good place for his trade. He traveled through Pennsylvania, and stopped at different places to work. At one place, an old Dutch farmer invited him to his house, and treated him very kindly. He was by the name of Knappenberger, a real Dutch name, and had a daughter who was not bad looking. He soon fell in love with Elizabeth Knappenberger and she with him and they soon agreed to get married. But when they came to lay the case before her father, he objected. The old man said that he wanted his daughter to marry a farmer, and not a traveling mechanic. So the match was broken off, and he continued his journey to the West. When he got to Pittsburg, he took passage on a flat boat and went down the river. In the fall of 1799, he

landed at Alexandria, situated at the mouth of the Scioto river, in the North Western Territory. His place of destination was Chillicothe. But he thought it best to walk up and see how the place looked before taking his tools and baggage. When he got to Chillicothe, it was in the midst of the sickly season; he found them all down with the fever and ague, looking more like spectres than human beings. He staid a week, could get no work, and returned to Alexandria. He was on the point of starting to go further down the river when Philip gave him some work to do. Once being started, he got plenty of work. Alexandria had just been laid out, and was improving rapidly. He worked here until the next spring, when having a good opportunity to ride, he took the overland route to Pittsburg, and from thence to Westmoreland county, where he married Elizabeth Knappenberger, whether her father was willing or not. He then returned to Alexandria with his wife, and such goods as her father gave her. This was in the year 1800. He now bought lots, both in lots and outlots, and set vigorously to work at improving them. He had plenty of work, and accumulated property. In 1803 the State of Ohio had been admitted to the Union. Scioto county was laid out, and the people authorized to elect their own officers in the different townships. Mr. Gharky was elected the first Assessor of Union township, which occupied all the Western end of the county. This year, 1803, Portsmouth was laid out, and Henry Massie went to Alexandria, and made very liberal offers to induce the inhabi-

tants of that place to abandon it and go at once to Portsmouth. But they generally refused, but he afterwards regretted his action, and had ultimately to go there. In 1810 he was elected a justice of the peace for Union township. He charges the Methodists with being his most bitter enemies. They tried at first, he says, to break his election; failing in that, they then divided the township, and threw him outside of Union, so that he could not serve his time out.

After the county seat was established at Portsmouth, Alexandria began to wane; several of the leading families moved up to Portsmouth, some went to the country, and bought farms, and some moved away entirely. Mr. Gharky was one of the last of the original inhabitants to leave. In 1814, he sold out and moved to Portsmouth. He bought the lot on which Vincent Brodbeck at present has a grocery; his lot was on the bank of the Scioto, where the road crossed to go up the valley. He established a ferry at this place, which proved to be very valuable, his boys attending to it while he carried on his other business. He built a large shop for cabinet making. In this shop courts were sometimes held, until the court house was finished which was in 1816 or 17.

In 1818, Mr. Gharky started a factory for spinning cotton; it was a small affair, and propelled by horse power. Captain Edward Cranston, who was a practical machinist, had charge of it. They run it a few years, until the Messrs Young's, of Wheelersburg, bought it, and moved it up there. However, Mr. Gharky kept a wool carding machine running several years longer, which was attended by his boys;

he also had a wool carding machine in Gallia county, but this never amounted to much. In 1820, he was elected Auditor of Scioto county. The Auditor's office at that day, was not profitable, and that and the other county offices, had to be carried on in connection with a man's other business, so he made an Auditor's office of his cabinet making shop, and carried them on together. He was reelected every year until 1828, but it was a hard struggle between him and the Methodists, who always opposed him in a body. Sometimes a very small majority elected him. In 1829, the writer of this article had some business with him, which made a lasting impression on my mind. I had taught a school in the country, under the new school law, which had just begun to come into practice. I had an order from the school directory to the Auditor for my pay. I found Mr. Gharky in his shop and showed him my order, which he examined, and after bestowing a few inverted blessings upon the school directors, for not drawing the order in proper form, he sat down on his work bench and gave me an order on the Treasurer for the money, which I got.

I make this statement to show the manner of doing business in those days, when it did not pay a man to keep an office and attend to nothing else. I took the order to Haviller Gunn, the Treasurer, who kept a store on Front street, below Jefferson. As soon as I showed him my order, he immediately began to display his goods on the counter, and in the blindest manner possible, wanted to know if I would not purchase some goods. He had the cheapest and the best stock of goods in

town. What did I want? He would let me have them at my own price. After displaying a great many articles, such as he supposed suited my case, I told him I believed that I would take the money, it was not goods that I came for. So, after exhausting all his skill as a salesman, without success, he very reluctantly paid me the money. I believe they do these things differently now a days,

In March 1830, Mr. Gharky left Portsmouth, and went to Muncietown, in Indiana, where he bought several lots in town, and several hundred acres of land in the country. He built a saw-mill, and tried to induce some of his children to go and live with him, but they refused to do so.

He returned to Portsmouth in 1834, and was elected Treasurer of the county by nine votes. His enemies tried to break his election, and they sued him in court for taking unjust fees while he was Auditor. But he beat them at every point, and threw them in for the costs. After serving his term out as Treasurer, he left Portsmouth, and went to Missouri, where he bought land, and commenced the improvement of it. His investments, both in Indiana and Missouri, would have proved to be valuable for a younger man who could have made his improvements and waited for his land to rise in value, but he was getting to be an old man, who had spent the vigor of his life in building up, first Alexandria, and afterwards Portsmouth, and it was unwise in him to attempt to build up any more new places. His wife was dead, and his children married and scattered, so that it appears from a diary which he kept during the latter years of his life,

that he was left in his old age, almost without a home. He spent his time mostly between three places, Portsmouth, Muncie and Bates county, in Missouri. He still owned property in Portsmouth, and some of his children resided there.

In 1850 he came to Portsmouth, and took sick the day he landed. He went to the American House, kept by R. Montgomery, where after lingering a few days, he died in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

David Gharky was a man of a very peculiar temperament. His passions were strong, and he always expressed himself in the most emphatic language. A stranger would be under the impression that he was always angry at some person. As an illustration, he went one morning, to the store of Wm. Lodwick, and called for some small article that he wanted. After making the purchase, and turning to leave the store, the clerk who waited on him, asked, in his politest manner, if he could not sell him something else. Mr. Gharky turned around, and in his most decided and emphatic manner replied "ven I wants to buy any thing, I vill let you know." They did not urge him to buy any more. He was never known to cross the river, or go anywhere in a canoe or skiff, although he kept a ferry a number of years across the Scioto, he was never known to trust himself in the skiff which they kept for foot passengers, but always made the boys take him over in the boat. For a number of years he followed the business of a house carpenter, and was considered the best workman in the country, but he could not work on a high scaffold. Some-

times, when a man wanted a fine cornice put on a two story building, and no other man could do it so well as he could, they would have to send two other men to hold him from falling while he did the work. He went into partnership with John Simpson, another carpenter, and they carried on a shop in the lower end of Portsmouth. As the country became cleared up, the farmers commenced on a small scale to raise wheat. There were no reaping or threshing machines in these days. Grain was generally threshed by hand, with a flail, or tramped out with horses, and the wheat separated from the chaff by running it through a small fanning mill, called a fan, and turned by hand. So David Gharky and John Simpson went to work, and made a fan in their shop, and finished it off complete. When the farmer came to get the fan with his wagon, behold they could not get it out of the shop, there was no opening large enough to let it through. The shop was built of logs with an old fashioned wood fire place in one end. They made a careful examination of the premises and found that the easiest way to get the fan out was to take the chimney down which was built of sticks and mortar, and pass the fan out through the opening thus made.

These small incidents though of no consequence of themselves, served to break the monotony of a backwood's life, and they talked about and laughed over it for years afterward, and it is still remembered by the old inhabitants.

There is a delusion which a great many people are laboring under which a careful reading of Mr. Gharky's life would serve to dispel. It is a prevailing opinion with some people, that all the

settlers of a new country are very honest and very friendly, very willing to help one another and do all acts of charity and kindness with the most disinterested friendship imaginable. Mr. Gharky says when he first went to Alexandria, in 1799, he found the people to be of the most friendly disposition, but he says it did not last long. As soon as they began to accumulate a little property, and become better acquainted, their natural propensities began to manifest themselves. All kinds of dishonesty, trickery, and taking an undue advantage in trade, was practiced. He relates some instances where, when they could not get the advantage of him in a trade, they would do him a private injury, such as killing his cows, and throwing down his fences, so that cattle could destroy his growing crops. He tells some very hard tales about some of the first settlers of Alexandria. But still, notwithstanding what he says is true, Alexandria was settled by an as learned, intelligent, and moral a class of citizens, as any other town in the Western country. Its situation had peculiar advantages which held out inducements to attract men of capital and business capacities equal to any other place, except Cincinnati. It grew very rapidly until it was discovered that the Ohio river was too frequent in its visits, and driving the population to the hills for protection against the watery element. It was with a great deal of reluctance that they abandoned their comfortable dwellings, and improvements which they had spent so many of the best years of their lives in building up, and remove to other fields and begin life again.

Mr. Gharky removed to Ports-

mouth in 1814, where he soon became a prominent and leading citizen. He was the first Assessor of Union township, and likewise a justice of the peace. Portsmouth was incorporated in 1815, and he was elected a member of the first Common Council of that city. In 1820 he was elected Auditor of Scioto county, which office he held till 1830. In 1831

he was elected Treasurer of Scioto county, this office he held for one term, but had to contend with a great deal of opposition. He charged the methodists as being his most deadly enemies, and he became disgusted with Portsmouth, and left it to build up a fortune and a name in other localities. But old age prevented the realization of his hopes.

JOHN COLLINS.

It is not claimed that John Collins was the first settler of Alexandria. The nearest approximation that can now be made towards the solution of the question as to who was the first settler of Alexandria is through the grand children of John Collins, several of whom are living in this vicinity at this time. I have made diligent inquiry among the descendants of old settlers of Alexandria, to ascertain that fact, but they can give but little reliable information on that subject, several of them claiming that distinguished honor as belonging to their own grandfathers, but without sufficient date to establish the facts.

Mrs. John Clark, now living in Portsmouth, and Mrs. Smith, yet living near Alexandria, grand daughters of John Collins, and very intelligent women say it was a tradition of the family which they had through their mother, that when their grandfather landed at the mouth of the big Scioto, there were but two families there ahead of them. One of these was Stephen Carey, who settled on Carey's run, the other family they had forgotten the name of, but think it might have been Stephen Smith.

John Collins landed at the

mouth of the Scioto river in the fall of 1796. He had a family of several children, and considerable means to commence business with. Chillicothe had been laid out the same year, and was filling up rapidly by emigrants who came from either up or down the Ohio, and had to stop at the mouth of the Scioto. From this point they went up the Scioto, either in small keel boats, or dug-outs or by land as best they could. This made the point at Scioto a place of business from the start.

Mr. Collins seeing the advantages the place possessed for trade, erected buildings and opened a tavern for the accomodation of travelers and others. John Collins had the honor to keep the first tavern in Scioto county; he also started a grocery and commission and forwarding house. He was at that early day, the leading business man of Scioto county. There was an episode took place in the family of Mr. Collins, which his grand children relate with pride, as it reflects great credit upon their mother,

It has not been my practice these in writing biographical sketches, to say much about love adventures or matters pertaining to the affairs of cupid. But this

one I must relate by way of variety. When Mr. Collins opened his tavern his wife was living, but she soon fell a victim to the malarial of the Scioto bottoms. At her death the duties and labor of the tavern devolved upon his daughter, Cynthia. She was a girl of some fifteen or sixteen summers, and proved herself as fully competent to take charge of Mr. Collins's family, and the business of the tavern went right on as before. Greenup county had commenced settling up by emigrants from Virginia, about the same time here spoken of. Rich men in Virginia, who had served in the revolution, were rewarded with large grants of land in Kentucky, and sent out their agents to locate the best tracts, preparatory to removing their families. Among these was Captain Moses Fuqua, who sent his son Moses to locate lands for his future residence. Young Moses Fuqua selected lands lying immediately above Tygart's creek. But there being no settlements in Kentucky, he came over and put up at the tavern of John Collins. He soon made the discovery that Mr. Collins had no housekeeper but a young girl. He inquired of Mr. Collins as to the case. Mr. Collins told him that his wife was dead, and that his daughter had to take charge of the family and tavern in his wife's place.

Mr. Fuqua observed that she must be an uncommonly smart girl to do the work, as she was doing it, and would certainly make some man a good wife, and he almost had a mind to make the proposition himself. Mr. Collins said he could not spare her then, but at some future time such a proposition might be agreeable. Thus the matter res-

ted for the present. Mr. Fuqua returned to Virginia, made his report, and in due time the family removed to Kentucky, with all their slaves. Mr. Fuqua could have married in almost any of the wealthy families of Virginia, and moved in the highest circles of the aristocratic old common wealth, with slaves to wait on him and do his bidding. But the impression made upon his heart by the sprightly daughter of the humble tavern keeper of the North Western territory, could not be eradicated by his intercourse with the rich and dashing belles of the F. F. V. S. of the Old Dominion. He remained true to his first love, and as soon as his father's family was settled, he crossed the Ohio, renewed his acquaintance at the house of Mr. Collins, made proposals of marriage, was accepted and married. They moved over on to the banks of Tygart's creek, where she had negroes to wait on her, and became the mother of ten daughters, and one son, some of them living in this vicinity at the present time. Mrs. Fuqua lived to an advanced age, and died a few years ago much respected by all who had the pleasure of enjoying her acquaintance.

The original proprietor of Alexandria was Col. Thomas Parker, who served in the revolutionary war, and located the land at the mouth of the Scioto. Shortly after that memorable event. In 1799, he sent his brother Alexander Parker to lay off a town, and sell the lots. It was accordingly done, and named Alexandria. Elias Langham, was surveyor. Mr. Langham had been employed by the surveyor general to survey some of the lands lying in the district ordered to be sold at Chillicothe. He

laid off the town of Alexandria, located himself there and became the agent of Mr. Parker to sell the lots. In 1803, Ohio was admitted to the Union as a State, and Scioto county organized.

It was ordered by the legislature in the setting off of the boundaries of Scioto county, that until a seat of Justice could be established by the county commissioners, that courts should be held in Alexandria, at the house of John Collins. Accordingly by the first court of common pleas held in Scioto county, was at the house of John Collins. He was also appointed by the same legislature the first associate Judge of the county. It is here necessary, for the benefit of coming generations, to explain what an associate Judge was. All courts of common pleas under the first constitution of Ohio, consisted of a president Judge, selected from among the lawyers on account of his legal attainments, and abilities as a lawyer. Three men were appointed from the body of the county, without regard to their legal qualifications, to sit on the bench with him. They were selected for their honesty and good standing in the community where they lived. The first associate Judges of Scioto county were John Collins, Joseph Lucas, and Thomas Sweeney. Wyllies Silliman, President, composed the first court of common pleas of Scioto county. These associate Judges appeared to have nothing to do, they never said anything, and it was always a mystery to the people what they were there for. A little incident occurred while Judge Collins was on the bench, which was an indication of public opinion with regard to those Judges. There was an excentric old gen-

tleman, by the name of Charles Stratton, who was a man of keen observation, and very fond of making comical remarks upon whatever was taking place in his presence. He would have his jokes no matter at whose expense they might be. He was in the court house, one day when there was nothing doing by the court. He got up and addressed the court, said we have a thousand Judges holding court here to-day. They knew there was some joke in the matter, but could not see it, so they asked him—How is that Mr. Stratton? please to explain. Well, says he, the arithmetic teaches us that one and three noughts stand for a thousand. So, said he pointing at the presiding Judge, you are one, and pointing to the three associates, there are the three noughts, and according to the rules of arithmetic, you are just a thousand, and figures can't lie. They had a good laugh at the expense of the Judges, and let it pass. Judge Collins was a very stout man, and able to take care of himself in any crowd. Fighting was a common practice in those days, and the legislature passed laws for its suppression at quite an early period. Every civil officer was sworn to keep the peace. But keeping the peace was a very vague and indefinite term, and some of them hardly knew what it meant, or what they had to do in case of a row. One time during a session of court, a fight took place in the presence of Judge Collins. One of the combatants was Nathan Glover, a very large stout man. As soon as the fight commenced, Collins thought it was his duty, as Judge to stop it. So he ran to where they were fighting, exclaiming at every breath, I command the

peace, I command the peace. I command the peace, Nathan. As soon as he got in reach, he gave Glover a few well directed blows, which settled him and soon restored peace which it was his duty to do, even if he had to whip the whole crowd.

When Alexandria went down

(which it was bound to do on account of its location,) Judge Collins retired to a farm, and spent the remainder of his days in the peaceful pursuits of agriculture. He retained his seat on the bench as Judge, till he became quite an old man.

MAJOR JAMES MUNN.

of revolutionary memory, was among the first settlers of Alexandria, Scioto county, Ohio. He was born and raised in the State of Pennsylvania, previous to the war, which resulted in the independence of the United States. Mr. Munn, being then a young man, early joined the forces under Washington, to resist the gigantic power of Great Britain, which was being brought to bear upon the infant colonies to reduce them to a state of unconditional submission. He was in the celebrated campaign of 1776, that resulted in the capture of the Hessians at Trenton. He was one of the immortal band that crossed the Delaware, under the eye of Washington, on Christmas night, amid ice, frost and snow, to march to Trenton, eighteen miles, to attack the Hessians, which resulted in a complete surprise, and the capture of the entire force stationed there. This was the time that tried men's souls, as Thomas Paine published in his crisis of that period. And it tried the soul of Mr. Munn to such an extent, that at the expiration of his term of enlistment, he retired from the army, and did not enter it again, until near the close of the war. In 1782 he joined the expedition under Crawford, and marched into the

Indian country. At Crawford's defeat, he was wounded and left upon the field, where he would undoubtedly have been tomahawked and scalped, but for the timely aid of one of his comrades. William Brady, who seeing his helpless condition, assisted him to make his escape. Munn was a large heavy man, and Brady a small spare man, but notwithstanding the imminent danger they were in from the passing Indians, Brady took Munn on his shoulder, and carried him to a place of safety. While stopping to rest, he discovered a horse without a rider. He soon caught the horse, and placing Munn on his back, they had the good fortune to make their escape, although surrounded by the yelling and pursuing savages.

In the summer of 1795, Mr. Munn being surrounded by a large family, concluded to emigrate to the West. He first went down to Maysville, where he spent one winter. In the summer or fall of 1796, he brought his family to the mouth of the Scioto river, being among the very first settlers at that place. Knowing the wants of a new country, he brought from Laurel Hill a pair of handmill stones, and set them up at Alexandria, which was

In the summer of 1793, Mr. Munn, being surrounded by a large family, concluded to emigrate to the West. He first went down to Maysville, where he spent one winter. In the summer or fall of 1796, he brought his family to the mouth of the Scioto river, being among the very first settlers at that place. Knowing the wants of a new country, he brought from Laurel Hill a pair of handmill stones, and set them up at Alexandria, which was perhaps the first mill of any description erected in Scioto county. He cleared a field in the bottom, where the Ohio canal runs across the low bottom, where he raised corn for several years. It was called Munn's field when the Ohio canal was located, although Munn himself had not occupied it for twenty-five years.

The first few years after the settlement of the county, the Indians would come in and steal horses from the settlers. On one occasion, when the Indians had stolen a number of horses, the settlers formed themselves into a military company, to pursue the thieves, and if possible recover their stolen property. They elected Robert Lucas for their Captain and under his leadership started in pursuit of the Indians. They rode night and day till they got in the vicinity of the Indians camp. Here they halted and held a council of war. Some were in favor of an immediate attack, others thought it would not be prudent, they had better not be too hasty. So they left it to Captain Lucas to decide, Lucas gave it as his opinion that it would not be safe to attack, for if they should be defeated, they would all be cut off before they could reach a place of safety. This coming from their leader

settled the question. They concluded not to attack the Indians and try to recover their stolen horses. Upon this conclusion, some of the men became very indignant and gave vent to their feelings in not very mild terms. Among the most out spoken was Mr. Munn, who said that no man but a coward would pursue a set of horse thieves till he got in sight of them, and refuse to fight for fear he might get defeated. Lucas being of Virginia blood, and belonging to the first families of that old chivalrous commonwealth, was not to be called a coward with impunity. As soon as he heard Munn express himself in such unequivocal terms he took fire at the insult, and wrote a challenge to Munn to meet him with deadly weapons to settle the matter according to the code of honor. Munn accepted the challenge, and agreed to meet him the next morning and fight it out with broad swords. The next morning at the appointed hour, Munn was promptly on the ground, prepared for the combat. But Lucas, after taking the sober second thought, failed to appear. A note was put into the hands of Mr. Munn, from Lucas asking if the difficulty could not be settled in an amicable manner without shedding of blood. Munn read the note and smiled, saying certainly it's his quarrel, and if he is satisfied, so am I. Thus ended the first duel of Scioto county.

It is not known how long Mr. Munn lived in Alexandria, but he moved up to the mouth of Munn's run, where he made an improvement, and lived several years. He gave his name to the creek, which will carry it down to posterity. He next moved to Long run, a branch of little Scioto, where he built a large two story

hewed log house, in which he spent the remainder of his days. In 1808, he was elected coroner of Scioto county. He served in this capacity until the fall of 1810, when he resigned. His resignation was caused by the resignation of the Sheriff.

It appears that Robert Lucas had been convicted of the crime of bastardy, and refused to compromise the case by an amicable settlement, he was ordered to be taken to jail by the Sheriff. Lucas resisted and threatened to shoot any man that might attempt to take him to jail. Thereupon the Sheriff resigned. It then devolved upon the coroner to perform the duties of the Sheriff. Mr. Munn also resigned. This circumstance discovers a singular trait in the organization of some individuals. Mr. Munn could not be called a coward, for he had fought in the revolutionary war, had fought against the Indians, where he was wounded, had accepted a challenge to fight a duel with deadly weapons, from this same Robert Lucas, who refused to be taken to jail on a civil process. Whether Munn was actually afraid of Lucas, or had other reasons for declining to serve, cannot at this distance of time be

ascertained.

Mr. Munn had a family of ten children five sons and five daughters. Their names were James, William, David, John, and Solomon. The daughters were Margaret, Polly, Nelly, Hannah and Nancy. His second son William, married Joanna Hitchcock, and lived on the homestead with his father, till he died, and then remained on the place till his death, which occurred only a few years ago. His grandson Ira Munn, still lives on the old homestead, surrounded by a large family of children.

It used to be said that the revolutionary war lent the young men of the country in rather a demoralized condition, that they had acquired habits of drinking, and other immoral practices that unfitted them for the usages of good society. Mr. Munn was not perhaps, entirely exempt from this charge. He drew a pension for the wound he had received in Crawford's defeat, which enabled him to indulge rather more freely in drink than was good for his health. Sometimes, after drawing his pension, he would spend days, or perhaps weeks in Portsmouth, at the tavern enjoying the best the country afforded.

EMANUEL TRAXLER

It cannot be ascertained in what year Mr. Traxler came to this county. But from the best information to be obtained on the subject, it was in all probability as early as 1776. At all events he built the first cabin or house within what is now the corporate limits of Portsmouth. He built on the extreme Western of the high ground near what is now Scioto street. Vincent Brodbeck

occupies the place at present. He was of German extraction, had received a good education, and was a man of very considerable abilities. He brought considerable means with him, and located with a view to laying out a town where Portsmouth now is. But Henry Massie being a surveyor, and having the place and living in Chillicothe, the moment the land office was opened,

entered the land on which Portsmouth stands, and all the adjoining sections, so that Traxler had no chance for a town whatever.

He was appointed a Justice of the peace for this section of country by Governor St. Clair, and was in all probability the first acting Justice of the peace in Scioto county. In the year 1800 he married Thomas Burt, which was the first marriage that took place in Portsmouth in the only house then in the place. Polly Shoup, who still lives in Portsmouth, was one of the children who came by that marriage.

After Mr. Traxler failed in his expectation of laying off a town, he went up on little Scioto where the Lafayette mills are located, entered the land and built a grist mill. He was a carpenter by trade, and in 1811 took the contract of building a bridge across the mouth of little Scioto. This was the first framed bridge of any magnitude built in Scioto county. It was thirty feet high made of heavy trestle work dovetailed in the solid rock. It stood till 1832 when a more permanent and durable bridge was erected on stone abutments and piers.

In 1813 Mr. Traxler sold his mills and land to Daniel Cowen and removed his family to Jackson. Previous to going to Jackson he entered the fraction of land where Towne and McConnell's brick yard is at present located. There were but a few acres of tillable land in the fraction and of but little value for agricultural purposes. But he supposed that salt water might be obtained by boring to a sufficient depth in the solid rock. In 1820 he sunk a well of several hundred feet in depth and struck salt water sure enough. He erected a horse power to pump up the water and built a small furnace for boiling salt after the manner of making salt at the Kanawha Salines. The water was sufficiently impregnated with salt for all practical purposes; but the supply failed. They soon pumped it all out and salt making proved a total failure. He now gave up all enterprises in Scioto county, but continued to reside in Jackson county till his death. Some of his children and grandchildren still reside in this part of the county and some are living in the far West.

STEPHEN CARY.

It has been a matter of dispute among old settlers as to who first settled on Cary's Run. Joseph Feurt and Stephen Cary both settled on the run about the same time, viz, 1796, and it was called after both their names for some time, but finally Cary carried the day, and it has been called Cary's Run ever since. We know but little about Mr. Cary at this time, but he must have been a man of some intelligence, and rather above the average of the first set-

tlers. In the records of several of the first courts of common pleas held in Scioto county we find that Stephen Cary was foreman of the grand jury for several successive courts. He started the first tan-yard in Scioto county, and carried on the tanning business for a number of years. His son, William Cary was elected sheriff of Scioto county in 1824. Although the first settlers of the county had generally received a good English education

yet their sons did not enjoy that blessing. The first generation that grew up in Ohio, did not receive much of a school education. If they went to school enough to enable them to learn to read and write a little, they were fortunate. There were but few books, and no means of obtaining even the commonest rudiments of an education. Under these circumstances, William Cary was elected sheriff. But, notwithstanding his deficiencies of education, he made a very popular sheriff. He appointed Sam. G. Jones as keeper of the jail, who was a man of education and business capacities, who had formerly held the office of Clerk of Common Pleas of the county and had served a number of years as Justice of the Peace. He made out his papers in legal form, and otherwise assisted him to perform the duties of sheriff. Cary also appointed Moses Gregory as deputy sheriff under him. Mr. Gregory was a young man who had been raised in Portsmouth where schools were perhaps a little better than they were in other parts of the coun-

try generally. So, between Sam'l G. Jones as jailor, and Moses Gregory, who was young and active for deputy, he became very popular throughout the county, and was a candidate for reelection in 1826. Holding meetings and making speeches was not practiced at that time. Neither was the people divided up into parties, as at present, but the candidates for office rode through the country and talked to the people wherever they could find them. In this manner of electioneering, Mr. Cary could not be beat. He was one of the best story tellers I ever heard. He would call a dozen or so of men around him, and commence telling stories, and would keep the crowd in a roar of laughter at his comical stories, and his comical manner of telling them, till he was sure to get the good will of all who heard him. There was not the least doubt entertained of his reelection, if he had lived. He went to West Union to see some of his friends, a few days before the election, where he took sick and died.

JOHN BELLI.

It appears to be an unsettled question at this time as to who was the actual first settler in Scioto county. We have always claimed that Samuel Marshall was the first man who came into this county to stay. He had a daughter married to Thomas M'Donald, brother of John M'Donald, who is put down in Howe's history of Ohio, as the man who built the first cabin in Scioto county. Now the Marshall family came to this county in the spring of 1796, and built a house about two miles above Portsmouth, which the

Marshall family have always claimed to be the first cabin built in the county. It is hardly probable that a daughter of Mr. Marshall, very young and just married, would come on ahead of the family, on their way to Chillicothe, and stop to build a house, merely for temporary purposes. If they did build a house, it could not have been before the rest of the Marshall family came and built.

Another man claiming to be the pioneer not only of Scioto county, but of the whole Scioto

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Another man claiming to be the pioneer not only of Scioto county, but of the whole Scioto valley, Hezekiah Meritt, says that he raised the first crop of corn ever raised in the Scioto valley. Mr. Meritt by his own statement, was on his way to Chillicothe, but hearing that the Indians were yet troublesome in that neighborhood, concluded to stop and wait awhile before going up there. Accordingly he stopped in the neighborhood of Lucasville, threw up a temporary cabin, and planted a small patch of corn. This was in 1796; he then went on towards Chillicothe. If this constitutes a pioneer of Scioto county, then he was one. There were a great many people passed through this county on their way to a higher point on the Scioto, long before the county was set-

tled, and perhaps some of them might have stopped awhile, but if they did not remain and settle permanently in the county, we cannot recognize them as pioneers of the county. We have not the least doubt but that Mr. McDonald and Mr. Meritt both stopped in this county as they claim, but as they went on further, and we had lost all knowledge of them, we cannot admit that they were the pioneers of Scioto county.

The friends of Major Belli claim that he built the first house in Scioto county. We will examine his claims a little. There is documentary evidence to prove that he purchased a thousand acres of land at the mouth of Turkey creek, in the year 1795; and there is traditionary evidence that he employed a man by the name of M'Bride to go on the land and build a house, clear the land and plant orchards, and make all the improvements necessary on a new farm. Exactly at what time Mr. M'Bride got on the land, and commenced work does not appear, but as the land was purchased in Philadelphia in 1795, it is not probable that work was commenced before the next year, and by that time Marshall and Lindsey and others, were coming in. Jesse Marshall who came here with his father's family in February, 1796 and was eleven years old by that time, and helped his father to build a cabin two miles East of Portsmouth, on the bank of the Ohio, told me about seven years ago, (he was then nearly eighty years of age,) that there was not another house of any description on the bank of the river on either side between Gallipolis and Manchester. Mr. Marshall moved up from Manchester at the time above indicated, and if there had

been any house either at Turkey creek, or Alexandria, he would have known it and would not have made the declaration that he did.

Major Belli is entitled to great credit as one of the pioneers of Scioto county, but he was a single man, and was engaged in the business of settling up with the War Department, after the treaty of peace with the Indians at Granville, in 1795. So that it is not precisely known at what time he came to this county to reside.

Major John Belli was born in France, in the year 1763. He received a classical education, or what is more probable a military education. At all events, according to letters still extant, he came to this country highly recommended as a young man well qualified to transact any business he might be employed in. He came to this country about the close of the revolutionary war, perhaps in 1783 or 4. How he employed his time for the first ten years does not appear. But he managed to be recognized by President Washington and Secretary of War, Henry Knox. In the spring of 1793, when General Wayne was organizing his army to march against the Indians, John Belli was appointed Deputy Quarter Master, to go with Wayne's army. His commission signed by George Washington, President of the United States, and now in the possession of John B. Gregory, bears date 1793. There are papers also in the hands of Mr. Gregory giving a detailed statement of Quarter Master's stores at Fort Washington, 1793. There are letters also extant from General Wayne, urging him forward on the stores as fast as possible, for he was expecting an attack by the com-

bined forces of the Indians at any moment. Whether he was in the great battle that ensued, does not appear. But it is probable that his department was to gather up and forward supplies to the army. We next find him in Philadelphia, settling with the War Department and buying land at the mouth of Turkey Creek. The War Department owed him between four and five thousand dollars for his services. With this money he proposed to purchase land, and settle in the West. He was appointed agent by Mr. Parker to superintend the surveying and selling lots in the town of Alexandria. He was also recorder of deeds for Adams county. He held some other appointments under Governor St. Clair while this State was yet a territory. He spent a considerable portion of his time in Kentucky. In the year 1809, he married Cynthia Harrison of Cynthia Anna, in Kentucky. She was one of the twins after whom the village was named. Her father was a connection of General Harrison, and one of the early settlers of Kentucky. Mr. Harrison was proprietor of the town of Cynthia Anna. He laid out the town about the time his two twin daughters were born and gave the town the name of his two daughters Cynthia Anna, which name it bears to this day. While Major Belli was residing in Kentucky, he established the first newspaper in Lexington. Likewise he took part in the organization of the first lodge of free and accepted Masons in Kentucky. He married in 1800 and moved into Alexandria, at that time being a part of Adams county. He was appointed recorder of deeds for that county, which office he held until Scioto county

was organized into a separate county. He then moved down to his farm at the mouth of Turkey creek. Here he spent the remainder of his days. He died in 1809.

Major Belli was a gentleman of the old school, and never changed the fashion of his dress from the style generally worn during the period of the revolutionary war. Although living in the west among backwoodsmen

who paid very little attention to dress of any kind, he always wore short breeches and long stockings, shoe buckles and a three cornered cocked hat. His hair tied up in cue behind. He made an odd appearance among backwoodsmen, but was not alone in his peculiarities for the French who settle in the Grant and other old gentlemen from the Eastern States dressed in the same style.

DR. THOMAS WALLER.

One of the early settlers of Alexandria, was Doctor Thomas Waller. He was born in Virginia, in the year 1774, in old colonial times, while Lord Danmore was governor of that ancient commonwealth. He was educated for the medical profession, and as soon as he received his diploma, turned his face towards the almost illimitable West. He arrived at Millersburg, in Kentucky, in 1797, where he made a temporary stop. While in Millersburg, not deeming it good policy for a man to be alone in a new country, he took to himself a wife, and for a wedding tour took his young bride on a horse back ride to Pennsylvania to visit her friends and relations in that State. While sojourning in Pennsylvania, their first child was born. So that in returning to their Western home, they had the additional incumbrance of a child to carry. This feat was accomplished, by placing a pillow on the saddle before them, and carrying the child on it. In this way, by taking turns, and each one carrying the child alternately, they accomplished a journey of several hundred miles, over per-

haps as rough a road as ever man or beast traveled. They came to Alexandria at the mouth of the Scioto river, in the year 1801. The town had been laid out and lots sold two years before, and was improving rapidly. He immediately bought a lot with a cabin partly built on it, for which he paid two hundred dollars, in payments of sixty-six and two third dollars, each payment. He entered upon the practice of his profession, and soon became a leading man of the village. Scioto county was organized in 1803, and Dr. Waller was the first representative sent to represent this county in the State legislature. He was likewise a Justice of the Peace for the township in which he lived. He lived in Alexandria till the year 1810, when it became apparent to all the first settlers, that in consequence of the frequent inundations from the Ohio, that it could never become a large city. So they very reluctantly and as if by mutual agreement, concluded to abandon the place and try their fortunes in some other locality. Some went further west, some went to the country, and

others moved up to Portsmouth. Among the latter was Dr. Waller. It was a hard trial for them to undergo. They had built their houses, cleared their land, and planted orchards, and were getting into a fair way of living and ultimately becoming rich. Portsmouth was not a lovely place at that time, there was nothing inviting about it. It was covered with a dense forest. Full of swamps, and wet marshy ground filled with croaking frogs. It was heart rending to have to give up the toil and labor of ten years, and commence again in the woods. But Portsmouth had the advantage of high ground, and that carried the day.

Doctor Waller made some money while he lived in Alexandria, and purchased one hundred acres of land adjoining the corporation limits of Portsmouth, on the bank of the Ohio. He also bought a lot on Front street, and put up a two story hewed log house, and weatherboarded it, which made it a very respectable dwelling house for that day. He also built a small frame house for a post office, and apothecary's shop. This was the first apothecary shop in the city of Portsmouth. I do not know whether he was the first post master of Scioto county or not; but he was certainly the only postmaster in the county at that time. The mail, not mails, was brought from Chillicothe once a week, on horse back, and we all had to come or send to Portsmouth for our letters or other mail matter, no matter where we might live in the country. Eggs was about the only cash article we had in the country to sell at that time, and letter postage was high, being twenty-five cents for a single letter. So it took a tolerable sized basket of eggs to get a letter out

of the postoffice. We generally took our eggs to the taverns and sold them before going to the post office, but one time I called at the post office before having sold my eggs. The Doctor observing my basket asked if I had eggs to sell? I replied that I had, and he proposed to buy them. So I banded him my basket, and he squatted down on the ground and counted them out, one egg at a time, till he had counted all the eggs in the basket, and then reduced them to dozens. Eggs were selling for eight cents a dozen at that time. It has always been a mystery, and a puzzling question to me, why he counted the eggs in that peculiar manner. I have never seen eggs counted that way before or since. There is also another question connected with this transaction that might puzzle the brain of a wiser philosopher than me to solve. That is why should the trivial circumstance of counting a few dozen of eggs out of a basket, fifty or sixty years ago, make such a lasting impression on a persons mind that he can never forget it, while other things of vastly more importance are forgot the moment they are past, and never thought of again. I leave it for philosophers to decide. A warm friendship grew up between us, and he always bought my eggs whenever I had any to sell.

Dr. Waller was very popular as a physician, and in his intercourse with his neighbors, he was a favorite and entertaining companion. He had at the time of his death, which took place in 1823, more friends and fewer enemies than any other man in Scioto county. At his funeral, the people of Portsmouth turned out in mass to pay their last respects to his memory.

SAMUEL GRIFFITH JONES.

This is another pioneer of Scioto county, who settled in Alexandria, in 1802.

Samuel Griffith Jones was born in Maryland, in 1778; he received a good common school education. His father's family removed to Kentucky, in the year 1793, while the Indian war was at its height. They passed down the Ohio at a time when nearly every boat was fired upon by the Indians. It was their good fortune, however, not to be attacked, but they kept a sharp lookout for several days until they passed the dangerous point. They landed at Maysville, and moved out to a place called May's lick, in Mason county.

In the spring of 1799, being but twenty-one years of age, he was employed by a Mr. Samuel Smith to take a load of produce from Maysville to New Orleans. He there exchanged the produce for sugar which he put on board of a ship and took it around by sea to Baltimore, where he sold it at auction, for cash. But it appears by papers yet extant that the sales did not cover expenses, so that it was a losing trip for the owner. In Baltimore he purchased a horse and rode across the mountains to the Ohio river, and from thence home.

Shortly after returning to Kentucky, Samuel G. Jones was married to Pooebe Coon, an orphan girl who lived in the neighborhood. We see by his papers that in 1803, he purchased a town lot in Alexandria, from Wm. D. Thorpe, and paid one hundred dollars for it. In 1803 he brought his small family consisting of his wife and one child, and became a citizen of the State of Ohio, about the time the State was ad-

mitted into the Union, being the first State organized in the North-Western Territory. Alexandria at that time bid fair to become a city of some considerable importance and filled up and improved rapidly with a very intelligent class of citizens. When the county of Scioto was struck off from Adams, and Washington counties, Samuel Jones was appointed clerk of the court of common pleas.

William Russell was the first Clerk of the court of common pleas in Scioto county. He was appointed at the December term in 1803, but he only held the office a few months. At the June term, in 1804, Samuel G. Jones was appointed clerk, but, for some reason or other, he resigned in about a year. In 1805 Alexander was appointed clerk, which office he held till 1810. At that time John R. Turner was appointed clerk who held the office without intermission for the space of forty-four years—nearly half a century. We will here state for the benefit of those not acquainted with the fact, that under the first constitution of Ohio, the court of common pleas consisted of one President Judge appointed by the governor who was generally selected from among the ablest lawyers in the district to where he belonged, and three associate Judges selected from among the citizens of the county without regard to their legal attainments. These four Judges appointed their own clerk, which appointment was for seven years, unless the time was shortened by death or resignation.

But to return to the subject of our biography. Samuel G. Jones lived in Alexandria, and worked

at his trade of cabinet making till the year 1810, at which time it became evident that Alexandria could not hold its own as a competitor with Portsmouth for the supremacy. He very reluctantly disposed of his property in Alexandria at a great sacrifice, and removed to the mouth of Brush Creek, and went into the farming business.

In 1815 or 16, when General Kendall commenced building his mills at the mouth of Brush Creek, Mr. Jones being a workman in wood, could turn his hand to almost anything in that line, assisted in building the mills and carrying them on. There were two saw mills and a large flouring mill, with two run of stones, and all the necessary machinery for manufacturing flour on a large scale for exportation. It was the first mill erected in the county. But it proved an entire failure, for the county was new, and very little wheat raised. In connection with his saw mills, Mr. Kendall established a boat yard for the purpose of building flat boats, to send produce to New Orleans, and several steamboats were built there. One called the "Scioto," which was a very slow boat, and never did much good. Another called the "Bellvidere," was a large fine steamboat for that period, and made several successful trips to New Orleans and back. It was said the frame of the Bellvidere was built entirely of black locust timber, fitted close together and caulked so that she would have floated without any planking. At all events after she had run a few years, she became so water soaked and heavy, that she would not carry much loading and had to be abandoned as worthless. In 1821, Samuel G. Jones was elected a Justice of

the Peace for Union township. His commission, oath, and certificate of office, and docket, are still in existence. His family was large and increasing, so that it kept him very busy to provide for their wants. But between working at the mills, boat building, cabinet making and attending to the duties of his office, he managed to make a respectable living. In 1824, times became very hard. Kendall and Herod failed in all their undertakings, and became bankrupt. Mills, boat building, distilling and everything else had to be abandoned. Samuel G. Jones in 1824 moved to Portsmouth. Here he had a chance to educate his children, and to work at his trade. William Cary was Sheriff of the county at that time, and appointed him keeper of the jail. He was also appointed constable and city marshal, and likewise market master, and supervisor of the roads. All these offices, in connection with the cabinet making business, together with whatever else he could get to do, enabled him to raise his family, and accumulate some property. Office holding at the time we speak of, was not as profitable as it is at this time. Every man who held an office had to attend to his regular business besides, or he could not make a living. Stealings were not as good as they have since become in these degenerate days.

In 1829, work was commenced on this end of the Ohio canal. Mr. Jones still owned a small farm at the mouth of Brush creek, and he removed there and took sub-contracts on the canal. He made some money while there, but when the canal was finished in 1831, he moved back to Portsmouth. As soon as navigation

was fairly opened on the canal, he built a boat and went into the canal boating business. In 1831 his wife died with the cholera. He still continued the boating business with various success, till 1840, when in the latter days of December, the weather turning very cold, he exposed himself and took a violent cold from which he never recovered. He died at the house of a Mr. Batten; at the mouth of Brush creek, in the sixty second year of his age. His remains were brought to Portsmouth, where he was buried by the side of his wife.

Mr. Jones was strictly honest, in all his dealings, and his word could at all times be relied on. He had the same opinion of others, which caused him to meet with heavy losses. He thought where a man fairly and squarely promised to do a thing, that it would surely be done, and by relying too much on the promises of those with whom he had dealings, he often met with losses.

In politics Mr. Jones was a Whig, until General Jackson in 1832, while President of the United States, vetoed the bill rechartering the United States bank. His arguments against the bank, and his reasoning was so forcible, that it caused a great many, all over the country, to leave the Whig party, and join the Democrats. They looked upon the banking system as it was established at that period, as being little better than a swindling monopoly, legalized by the State or General Government, for the purpose of enabling a few persons who possessed a little capital to swindle the laboring man out of his scanty earnings. The feeling among the Democrats was very strong against the issue of paper money in any form, and

they were clamorous for a return to the constitutional currency of gold and silver. They have changed from that position now, and are equally as clamorous for a paper currency, that will drive every dollar of specie out of the country.

In religious matters, Mr. Jones was an unbeliever in revealed religion. He had studied the writings of Hume and Voltaire, Volney and Paine, and other philosophers of the same school, until he had become convinced in his own mind, that the profession of religion as it existed in the world, was retarding civilization and doing more hurt than good. This position of his was the more singular from the fact that he had been raised in the strictest forms of the christian religion. His father's house was the home of the Methodist circuit rider, and all his brothers and sisters belonged to that church. He was an extensive reader, and studied deeply the philosophical writings of the deepest thinkers of the eighteenth century. He believed in the communistic form of government, where all should contribute towards the common stock and all share alike in the profits of their labors. He was a great admirer of Robert Owen's community at New Harmony, in Indiana, and contemplated joining it, but it proved a failure before he got ready, and that saved him.

We copy an obituary notice of his death from the *Portsmouth Tribune*, of January 8th, 1841:

DIED.—On the 29th, inst., Mr. Samuel G. Jones, 63 years of age, long a resident of this place, and esteemed for his many moral virtues. He possessed an enquiring mind, which was well stored by extensive reading and reflection. He was a kind neighbor, an indulgent father of a large family, a good citizen, and an honest man. The immediate disease under which he fell was influenza, though his health had been precarious for some time.

JOHN W. & ABRAM MILLAR.

The rich lands of the Scioto bottoms early attracted the attention of the wealthy farmers of the Shenandoah and James river valleys, and all those who did not believe in the divine institution of slavery; turned their faces towards the North Western Territory, which had been ceded to the United States by the Old Dominion, and dedicated to freedom forever. Among this class was John W. Millar, and his brother Adam. They came about the year 1799, sometime before the land was in market, and located about fifteen miles North of the mouth of the Scioto river, on the rich bottom lands for which that stream is so famous. They possessed ample means, and as soon as the land came into market, purchased large bodies of the best of land, where they soon had the most productive farms in Scioto county. The Scioto valley soon became famous for its supplies of corn furnished to the surrounding country, where the land was less productive. As the country filled up very rapidly by emigrants from all parts of the world, who had to be supplied with bread until they could raise corn for themselves, it created a great demand for the corn of the Scioto valley. In fact, it was named the Egypt of the country. Everybody had to go there to get their supplies of corn, which seemed to be inexhaustible. But notwithstanding the great demand of the home market, there was a large surplus that had to be disposed of some other way. The Millars early turned their at-

tention to distilling. They both built distilleries on their farms, and in that way manufactured large quantities of corn into whisky. That they could send to a distant market. New Orleans afforded the only outlet that could be reached by the produce from this section of country. Therefore the Scioto farmers built Orleans boats out of the bodies of the tall poplar trees that grew in great abundance at that time—some of them being nearly one hundred feet to the first limb, three or four feet in diameter, and as straight as an arrow. These were the noblest trees of the forest.

As I am writing more for the benefit of posterity than for the gratification of the present generation, I must here describe the manner of building those boats. Since the introduction of steam boats and barges, and the invention of railways, everything has changed with regard to getting heavy produce to market. The old Orleans boat is no longer used. These tall poplar trees were felled in the woods where they grow, and cut off at the top the full length of the tree, ranging from sixty to a hundred feet as the case might be. It was then scored and hewed to the proper size, generally as large as the tree would square. They would then raise it to a proper height for ripping in two with a whip saw. These long heavy pieces of timber could be raised to the height of seven or eight feet by two or three men without the aid of machinery of any kind.

It was done by raising one end by using a lever and placing a block under it near the middle so that it would nearly balance, then the weight of a man would bring down the end that was up and raise the other end, then place a block near the middle, so as to let it tip the other way. They would then build up a crib of small poles under the middle of the gunwale as it was called, so that the weight of a man would depress one end to the ground and raise the other up. In this way, by raising and depressing each end alternately, and building their crib as they went along, they could raise it to any required height. Then two men with a whip saw would go to work and rip it in two. At the same time taking a plank two inches thick from each side the whole length for side plank. The gunwales were then taken down and dragged to the river, where the boat was built according to the usual plan of building Orleans boats. When the boat was built and the crop gathered, they then had to wait for a rise in the river. When the rise came, either in the winter or the early spring they loaded their boats and dropped down to New Orleans. Whatever they got for their boat and load constituted the proceeds of their year's labor. They then took a deck passage on some steamboat and returned home, to go through the same process again. It generally took a year to raise a crop, build a boat, take it to market and return. There was very little cash outlay in the operation, for they could do all the work themselves, and whatever they got was clear again. This mode of doing business was kept up till the Ohio canal was finished, in 1832, this opened up

an easier and safer way of getting their produce to market.

Abram Millar not being satisfied with merely raising corn and turning it into whisky, tried his hand in the cultivation of hemp. He was of the impression that hemp would prove to be a more profitable crop than corn. Accordingly in 1830—31, he erected some costly machinery for the purpose of breaking and dressing the hemp, preparatory to sending it to market. He gave the business a fair trial for several years, but somehow it did not work satisfactorily, and he abandoned it and fell back to corn and stock again. He became wealthy, and had one of the best farms in the State of Ohio. Yet he was not happy. To sit down and enjoy the fruits of a long and laborious life in peace and plenty was not happiness for him. He went to Missouri, and opposite the mouth of the Ohio, some thirty miles or so back in the country, he purchased a large tract of land and commenced operations again. I saw him at McCoy's tavern on his return home, after spending the winter in making improvements on his new place. He was bragging of how much work he had done during the winter. He had built houses, cleared hundreds of acres of land; made thousands of rails, and fenced it; set out thousands of fruit trees; made meadows, and in fact done everything that could be done, to make the place suitable for the reception of his family. He appeared to be in as much glee in telling of the prospects of his new home in the West, as if he had been but twenty-five years of age, and that was his first starting out in life. He was then over sixty years of age. He sold his farm for fifty thou-

sand dollars, and had perhaps as much more in other property, and went to Missonri, where he lived to a respectable old age.

While speaking of the Scioto bottoms, we must not forget to mention the enormous big trees that once grew upon its rich alluvial soil. The poplar, the oak, the cotton-wood and the black walnut, and perhaps some others, were unsurpassed by any trees in the western country for their size, symmetry or beauty. They were valuable for their timber. Some trees being so large as to make five hundred rails to the cut. But the largest trees were the sycamores which were generally hollow and sometimes grew to enormous proportions. It was no uncommon thing for a man to take a fence rail on his shoulder and ride into one of those trees, turn around and come out without touching the inside of the tree. In the early settlement of Portsmouth, the boys of that period used to burn out the inside, make a chimney to it, and then have a first rate camp when they wanted to have a night's fishing with trot lines. Some of the boys of that day are still living, but they are among our oldest men, Samuel J. Huston, James Lodwick, Moses Gregory, Robert Montgomery, John Glover, the Gharkey boys, and others are still living, except Mr. Gregory. The sycamore grew near the water, and here the boys camped and attended to their fishing lines through the night. Large hollow sycamore trees were very plenty all through the Scioto bottoms. But the largest tree of all grew on the lands of Robert Miller. In the early settlement of the country it was the wonder and admiration of all the surrounding neighborhood; they would make up

parties and go for a considerable distance on horse back to see the wonderful tree. It was visited by people from distant parts of the county, some of them gave particular descriptions of the tree, and had it published in the papers of that day. It was almost as much of a natural curiosity as the Mammoth Cave, of Kentucky, or the natural bridge of Virginia. Below we copy an article from an old Cincinnati Almanac, published in 1810.

A REMARKABLE TREE.

"On the land of Abram Millar in the township of Seal, (now Valley township,) and county of Scioto, in this State, there is growing a forked hollow sycamore tree, which measures on the inside, 21 feet in diameter, and more than 60 in circumference, tapering from the base upward. So that at the height of five feet it only measures 42 feet. The opening of the cavity at the bottom is 10 feet wide, and 7 at the height of five feet, terminating at the height of 9 feet and a half. The fork is about 8 feet from the ground. One of the branches is dead and broken off about 20 feet high; the other green and thrifty. The spacious cavity attracted the attention of the neighborhood, 14 of whom assembled on the 5th of June, 1808, on the spot and thirteen of them advanced on horseback into the trunk, and at the same time sat there with perfect ease, the other being on a skittish horse, did not venture in, but there was room for two more to be perfectly secure from a falling shower of rain.

"The public are indebted to the philosophic mind of Mr. William Headley, of Frederick county, Virginia, for the description of this adventure, who was one of the adventurers, and the ex-

amination of it by Major William Reynolds, of Zanesville on the 30th of November after, who affords this communication."

Two daughters of Mr. John W. Millar, who are yet living, but now quite old were in the tree at the time above mentioned, and furnish the names of those who entered the tree at that time. The names of the persons entering the tree were E. W. Hall and wife, J. W. Millar and wife, Abram Millar and wife, William Trimmer and wife, William Headley, Elizabeth Millar, John Hayes and wife, and Cornelius Millar. James Lane rode the skittish horse. There were besides those above named, six or eight children. It being a pleasure party, their parents took them along to enjoy the ride. The tree was suffered to stand till the farm fell into the hands of Thomas Dugan, of Portsmouth, who wanted to turn it into a first class stock farm. He purchased some fine blooded stock including bulls for improving the breed, and turned them into the field where the tree was. The cattle soon made the discovery that for their purposes it suited about as well as a small barn. Accordingly they took possession of the tree. But unfortunately bulls are possessed of a belligerent disposition, so that when two or more of them got into the tree together, they soon got up a fight, and the result was where the vanquished could not retreat, as in an open pasture, one of the belligerents would be driven to the wall and gored to death. This was not profitable for stock raising, so Mr. Dugan gave orders to have the tree cut down. The stump remained for several years, and was visited as

a curiosity by the younger portions of the community, who had not seen the tree in all its majestic grandeur. But the trouble did not end here. They wanted to raise hogs, as well as cattle, and the swine soon resorted to the stump as being the best place they could find to make their bed. This was all well enough for some time, but the cholera breaking out among the hogs, and large numbers of them dying, they jumped at the conclusion that so many hogs of all sizes ages and sexes piled up together in one old stump, was what caused the disease. Therefore orders were given to have the stump entirely destroyed, obliterated, removed from the face of the earth, and not a trace of it left to mark the spot where it stood.

Now if any man has got a bigger or more remarkable tree, this side, of California, we should like to hear from him.

We will now quote an article from the *Ohio Gazette*, published in 1833. On page 256, we find the following:

"Jefferson a township, of Scioto county in which the town of Lucasville is situated. It borders on the Scioto river; the bottom is extensive and well adapted to raising corn, hemp and timber. One sycamore tree on the farm of Abraham Millar in the early settling of the country, admitted at one time within the hollow of the trunk, fourteen horses such as could be collected at that time among which were several mares heavy with foal, all mounted with a man or boy on each; and Mr. Miller informs us there was then sufficient room for two more mounted horses."

JOSEPH FEURT.

It cannot at this time be ascertained precisely at what time Mr. Feurt came to this country. There is a tradition in the family that he stopped at the mouth of the Scioto before the Indian war, and when the war broke out, he dropped down to Maysville and lived till after Wayne's treaty with the Indians. If such be the fact (and we have no reason to dispute it,) he must have come as early as 1790 or 91. Gen St. Clair was defeated in the fall of 1791, which left exposed to the depredations of the Indians the whole of the Ohio river from Gallipolis to Maysville, so that any settlers who might have stopped between those two points, would be compelled to leave. However, Mr. Feurt staid long enough to give his name to Carey's run, which is proved by the fact that several tracts of land that were surveyed and located during the prevalence of the Indian wars, was located on and bounded by Feurts run. But as Stephen Carey was the first to settle on the run after the war was over, it has been called Carey's run ever since. We cannot therefore give Mr. Feurt the credit of being the first pioneer of Scioto county, because the same tradition says that when he returned from Maysville, there were others at the mouth of the little Scioto. Therefore, it will be safe to say that Joseph Feurt

came up from Maysville, in Kentucky, and settled in Scioto county in the latter part of the year 1796. However, he did not stop long at Alexandria, but went up to Bear Creek, and located a farm where he lived the remainder of his days. He was a man of some education, and served as Justice of the Peace for a number of years. He had two sons, Benjamin and Gabriel, who married and raised families. Gabriel married Lydia Hitchcock, in 1812, who settled in the Scioto bottoms, about five miles from Portsmouth, where he became a well to do farmer, and raised a family of children John and James Feurt, two of our most respected citizens, are still living within this vicinity. John Feurt still lives on a part of the old homestead farm. James lives in Portsmouth. Nothing seems to please them better, than to meet an old acquaintance, and talk over the events of the early settlement of the county. They claim that their grandfather, Joseph Feurt, was the first Pioneer of Scioto county, from the fact that he stopped at Alexandria before the Indian war, with the intention of remaining there, and only left in consequence of that war and returned back again as soon as it was safe to come. This is a question for our pioneer society to settle. I merely state

the facts as nearly as they can at this time be ascertained

I am sorry that our Pioneer Society discontinued its meetings. These historical sketches, such as they are, were commenced for the purpose of rescuing from oblivion, such scraps of history as were yet in existence, and to submit them from time to time, as fast as they were published to the investigation of the society for its approval or condemnation, as they might be either true or false. In this way we could have gotten up a very correct history of Scioto county. But our Pioneer Society from some cause or other, died out and discontinued their meetings. This threw the whole responsibility upon one person. I do not claim in writing these sketches, that I know all about the early settlement of the country. Far from it. But I do claim that I know as much as any individual now living, does know about the early history of the county. And, as no other person seems to take it upon himself to write and publish what he knows upon the subject, either more or less, I take the responsibility of doing what I can, to have some kind of a history of the pioneers of Scioto county.

I said that Gabriel Feurt married Lydia Hitchcock. She was the youngest child of a large family, which exercised a considerable influence in the early history of the county. According to tradition, she was married in 1812 at the age of nineteen, and was seven years old when she came to this county. Therefore if this tradition is correct, the Hitchcock family landed near the mouth of little Scioto about the year 1800. The parents of the family did not live long after coming to this

country. They bought the fractional section lying immediately below the mouth of Munn's run; they divided it into three farms, Caleb taking the westernmost part, Jessie the middle and Ira the eastern. James being but a boy, did not get any. There were four girls. Lucretia married Jacob Noel, who was Colonel of the regiment that went to the front from this county in the general call in 1813. Joanna married William Munn, in 1811; Lydia married Gabriel Feurt, in 1812; Isabella married Josiah Chapman. All these men were pioneers, who came at the first settling of the country. Caleb Hitchcock was a fore handed farmer at a very early day. In 1811 he built an Orleans boat, and loaded it with the produce of his own farm. It was a very easy matter to float a loaded boat to New Orleans in those days, but returning home over land was the trouble. There were five hundred miles of a wilderness, known as the "Indian Nation," to pass through, without any accommodations for either man or beast. About ten years after that event, Caleb Hitchcock kept a tavern, in the house at present occupied by John Rhodes. I stopped there one night in company with several keel boatmen. The half pint decanter was passing round quite lively, and the boatmen were relating their experiences of river life, when Caleb was asked how he got through the Indian Nation. He told some of his experiences, and among other things he said they adopted a peculiar plan of their own invention, to help them along. Every night when they rolled themselves up in their blankets and lay down for a nights rest, they took care to lay crosswise in the road, so that every time they

turned over, they would roll towards home, so that every morning they would find themselves considerably nearer home than when they layed down at night.

In 1820 he was elected to represent this district in the legislature of Ohio. He was asking some friends one day what plan of electioneering was best for him to adopt, Isaac Bonser told him all he had to do was to go among the people and show them his horny hands, and they would at once see that he was a working man, and there would be no fears of his election. His son John H. Hitchcock was a leading Democratic politician, and for a number of years held the office of collector of tolls for the Ohio canal.

There are none of the name here now, although at one time they were leading men of the county. Allen Hitchcock, a son of Jessie Hitchcock, who died a year or two ago in Sciotoville, was the last of the name. He left several minor children who may yet live to keep up the name.

It would seem in writing our sketch of Joseph Feurt, and the Hitchcock family, that we made one or two omissions, and in regard to which, we have received a letter from James H. Feurt, which we gladly incorporate into our sketches. We would be pleased, when omissions or er-

rors occur, in these sketches of the early settlers of this section of the State, to have those who are in possession of the facts, set us right by corresponding with us. Here is the letter of Mr. Feurt.

PORTSMOUTH OHIO, Feb'y. 6th, 1873.

FRIEND KEYES:—In writing your Historical Sketches of my grandfather, Joseph Feurt and the Hitchcock family, I beg leave to call your attention to an error as regards the Hitchcock family, which I would be glad to see corrected on the one hand, and added on the other, in case you intend to publish a continuation of these reminiscences.

You say, in speaking of my grandfather, Joseph Feurt, "he had two sons, Benjamin and Gabriel." Now, inasmuch as all the names of my grandfather Hitchcock's children were named, why omit most of the names of my grandfather Joseph Feurt? For in addition to Benjamin and Gabriel, there was Thomas and George in all, four sons; then comes their three sisters, Mary Susanna, and Mercy. In case you intend to continue these pleasing sketches, (and I hope you will) you can, if you see proper, say that Benjamin married Mary Bowers, Thomas, Mary Bowers, George accidentally shot himself on the 2d of March, 1818, and had not married, and their sisters married respectively, Susanna, Col. Peter Noel; Mary, Philip Noel, and brother to Col. Peter Noel; Mercy, Thomas Reeves. You may also add, if you think proper, that all the children of both my grandparents are dead except Isabella, who is yet living, for I saw her at her home in Indiana on the 23d of last December, well and hearty for one of her age, 86.

Now for the error as to the Hitchcock's. In conclusion you say, "There is none of the name here now, although at one time they were leading men of the county. Allen Hitchcock, son of Jessie Hitchcock, who died a year or two ago in Sciotoville, was the last of the name, he left several minor children who may yet live to keep up the name."

I know that cousin Allen Hitchcock died on the farm belonging to his father, and in the year 1847, or twenty-eight years ago, leaving but one heir, a son, named Charles, who died a year or two ago in Sciotoville, leaving three small children, two sons and a daughter.

Yours Truly and Respectfully,
JAMES H. FEURT.

WILLIAM JONES.

William Jones was the son of Griffith and Patience Jones, and brother of Samuel G. Jones, spoken of in a former article. William Jones was born in the year 1775, in the State of Maryland. His father was a farmer in moderate circumstances, but gave his children a good common school education in such schools as were in vogue during the revolutionary period of our country's history.

The family emigrated to Kentucky during the period of the Indian wars then raging in the North Western Territory, probably about the year 1793. They came down the Ohio in a boat and landed at Maysville. From thence they moved to a place in Mason county, called May's lick. William Jones being a young man, full of adventure and enterprise, in 1799, made a trip to New Orleans, with his brother Samuel, in a boat loaded with produce. In 1800 he was married, and with his family moved to Alexandria, in Scioto county, Ohio. He was one of the men who assisted Henry Massie in laying out the town of Portsmouth, for which service Mr. Massie gave him a lot. But not knowing what use to make of a town lot in the woods, he sold it for the sum of five dollars. He lived in the town of Portsmouth long enough to see that lot worth nearly as many thousands. I was talking with him once in his old age, why he did not hold on to the lot until it would sell for a higher price. Oh! he said,

the taxes would amount to more than the rise on the lot. He belonged to a class of people who never want to own any real estate, or be troubled with the care of property of any kind. He raised a large family of children, and lived to be very old, and never owned a house in his life.

He made his home in Alexandria, and followed teaching school for a living. He was perhaps the first teacher who taught school in that village, and very nearly the first school teacher in the county. School teaching at that early day was not a lucrative profession. But yet it was necessary to have schools, and when a person was competent to teach such schools as they could get up at that time, he could support a family about as easy in that business as anything else he could do. The early school teachers as a class were not noted for their industry, and ambition to get rich by the rise of property or in other speculations, but were content to live the best they could, on their moderate wages, and leave speculation to those who chose to go into it. I have heard Mr. Jones say that he thought he did more good for the country than any other man in, because he taught their little schools, and thereby the youth of the country were enabled to learn to read, and write and keep their small accounts, otherwise perhaps some of them would not have learned to read at all.

To give an insight into the manner of teaching schools before our present system of common school education had come into vogue, I will copy an advertisement from the *Western Times* of May 3d, 1828:

NOTICE.

I again offer my services as teacher of youth for the town of Portsmouth and its vicinity. Those who will entrust me with the tuition of their children, may rest assured that every attention will be paid to their literary and moral improvement, within the compass of my abilities. The branches I propose to teach are simply orthography, reading, penmanship, and arithmetic, which I will teach for two dollars and fifty cents per quarter of thirteen weeks. Good school accommodations will be furnished. The school to commence about the first or second Monday of next month.

WILLIAM JONES.

Besides teaching school, he was frequently employed as clerk, sometimes in the bank, and sometimes in the county clerk's office. He was an excellent penman, and a good accountant, so that he was not much at a loss for something to do.

In 1840, or about that time, he was elected a Justice of the Peace for Wayne township, and served in that capacity for a number of years, being re-elected for several times in succession.

He was first married in 1800, and raised a large family of children, all daughters but one. Thomas Jones, his only son went on the river at an early age, and as steamboats were then coming into general use on the Western waters, he soon passed through

the different stages of promotion until he got to be captain and owner of one of the finest boats on the Mississippi river. The daughters all married and did well. One of them lives in Portsmouth at this time, Mrs. Daniel McIntire, a highly respected old lady. Mr. Jones wife died in 1819, and he soon after married a widow Howell, who had two children, named James and Margaret. James married a daughter of Thomas Scott, who lived in Chillicothe. Margaret married Darius Thurston. After the death of Thurston, she married Samuel M. Tracy, a leading lawyer of the Portsmouth bar.

Mr. Jones was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, and was one of the pioneer Methodists of Scioto county. He never seemed to care for property, and had no ambition to accumulate wealth. So he had enough to supply his immediate wants, he left the future to take care of itself. He lived to be eighty-five years of age, and for a long period during the latter years of his life, he was dependant upon his children for a home. He died at the house of Dudley Day, who took care of him to the last.

There were few men of the old stock who were more widely known throughout Scioto county, than William Jones.

WILLIAM LAWSON.

It cannot be ascertained at this time precisely in what year William Lawson came to Scioto county, but from the best information attainable at present, it was about the year 1799. He belonged to a wealthy family of old Virginia, and in company with a large number of relatives and friends who were leaving the old Dominion, to locate and settle on the rich lands of Kentucky about that time, he sold off or otherwise disposed of his slaves, and came to Ohio. He had two brothers and two sister who came at the same time, but not being disposed to part with their negroes, they stopped on the Kentucky side of the river. As soon as the land office was opened for the sale of lands in this district, Mr. Lawson purchased the fractional section lying immediately east of the fraction on which Portsmouth now stands. He built his first cabin on the road leading to Gallipolis, about two miles from Portsmouth, near a large spring. He gave his name to the water course running through his lands into the Ohio, and it has been called Lawson's run ever since. When Henry Massie laid out the town of Portsmouth, he boarded his hands at the house of Mr. Lawson, it being the most convenient place for that purpose. When Mr. Massie had finished his survey, and the plats were all made out, he settled with Mr. Lawson, and paid him up in full for his boarding. He thought to

ing him a present of a lot in the new city. He selected the lot on the corner of Front and Jefferson streets, commonly known as Pig iron corner. Mr. Lawson was a plain, blunt man, without much education or culture, and not choice in his language, but generally spoke his mind in such language as was not easily misunderstood. When Mr. Massie pointed out the lot to him on the plat, and offered to make him a deed for the same, Mr. Lawson replied in language more forcible than courteous, that he did not want a lot in such a d—n hole as that—he would not take it as a gift.

The prospect of Portsmouth becoming a great city at that time, was not flattering, and the low estimate in which it was held, was the low price at which some of the lots were sold. John Barber a young man who assisted in surveying the town, took the lot as pay for his services, on the corner of Second and Washington streets. Being a young man, and having no use for the lot, he sold it for a pair of boots. William Jones, another person who assisted in surveying the town, sold his lot for five dollars.

After Mr. Lawson had cleared his farm and put it under a good state of cultivation, he built a very commodious brick house—the second brick house built in the county. This was probably in 1811 or 12. Jacob Clingman built a brick house in Portsmouth in 1803, which was the first in

the county. There were two or three stone houses built in Alexandria probably before that time. It was a pity that house was ever taken down. Long after Mr. Lawson's death the family disposed of the house, with a few acres of ground. It fell into the hands of Mr. A. Bentley, a gentleman of wealth, who wished to build a finer residence, and have a house of more modern finish and elegance of style. He took the old building down and erected a new one on its site. There was nothing wrong about that, but he might have built by the side of it, and let the old house stand as a monument of former days. Jesse Young is the present occupant of the new house.

There was nothing in Mr. Lawson's life worthy of special record, more than happens in the life of every successful farmer. His children mostly married and settled around him. His sons were John, the oldest, Enoch, Thomas, Manassa, Madison and William. The daughters were Mary, who married Col. Jos. Moore, at present of Nile township, and Christina, who married Gen. Wm. Kendall. Mrs. Adair, late postmistress of Portsmouth, is a daughter of Gen. Kendall and grand daughter of Mr. Lawson. Ruth, the youngest daughter, married Milton Kendall, a son of General Kendall.

It remains now to speak of the old man's sad and melancholy death. He was getting advanced in years; his children were all settled and doing well, and he became lonesome and spent a good deal of his time in Portsmouth, although he had refused to accept a lot as a gift when the town was first laid out. But he lived to see it a very respectable village. His son, Thomas Lawson, lived in Portsmouth, also many of his old friends. He usually spent the day there and walked home at night,

often not starting before the dusk of evening. Chillicothe street at that time was the eastern limit of the city. Foot people generally got over the fence at the junction of Chillicothe and Second streets, and went across the fields to Gallia, because it was nearer and not so muddy as the roads. Accordingly, Mr. Lawson got over into the field. But alas! he was found next morning, near an oats stack, nearly perished. He was taken in and cared for, but never spoke again. He died next day. It was generally supposed that he was waylaid, murdered and robbed, marks of violence appearing on his neck, as though he had been strangled. He was seen to have some thirty odd dollars in his possession the day he left town, and when found he had not a cent. Suspicion rested on a man who was lurking around town at that time. Robert Montgomery had some thirty or forty dollars taken out of his shop the same day. They arrested this suspicious character and put him in jail to await trial, but as nothing could be proven against him he was permitted to go.

Mr. Lawson's brothers, who came to this country at the same time, settled in Kentucky. Thomas Lawson settled nearly opposite the mouth of Munn's run. A sister, who was married to Samuel Walker, located the next place above him. Some of his children still occupy the old homestead. James Lawson, another brother, settled a few miles further up. Another sister married a man by the name of Burton, who killed himself by eating salt. He had acquired such an appetite for salt that he could not refrain from eating it in such quantities that it ultimately caused his death. The widow Burton had two children, Joshua and Hannah. Hannah married Hezekiah Morton.

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Errata.

Fifteenth page, second column, about the middle, instead of "Polly Barber," read "the wife of John B. Madlock, daughter of Polly Raynor and grand-daughter of Major Barber, put into my hands, &c."

On page 78, for "George Cochrane" read "James Cochrane."

On page 101, first column, near the bottom, for "1776" read "1796."

